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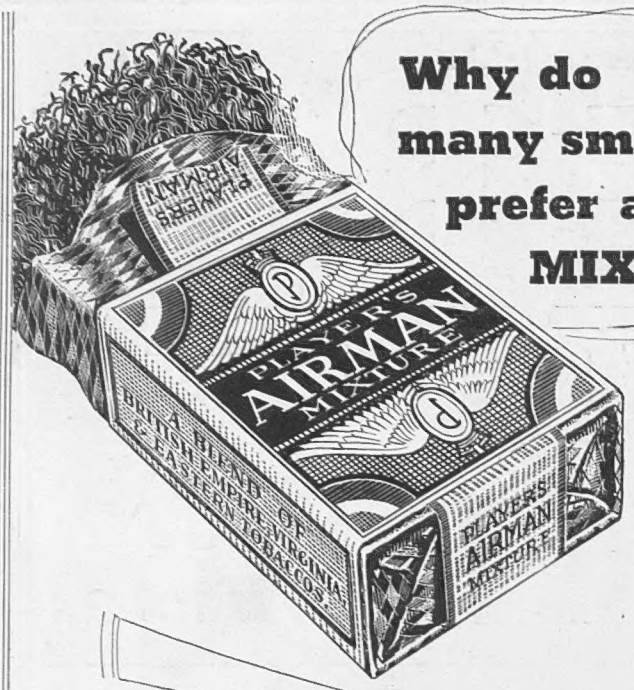

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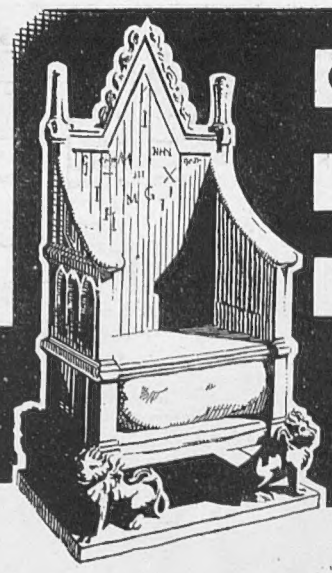

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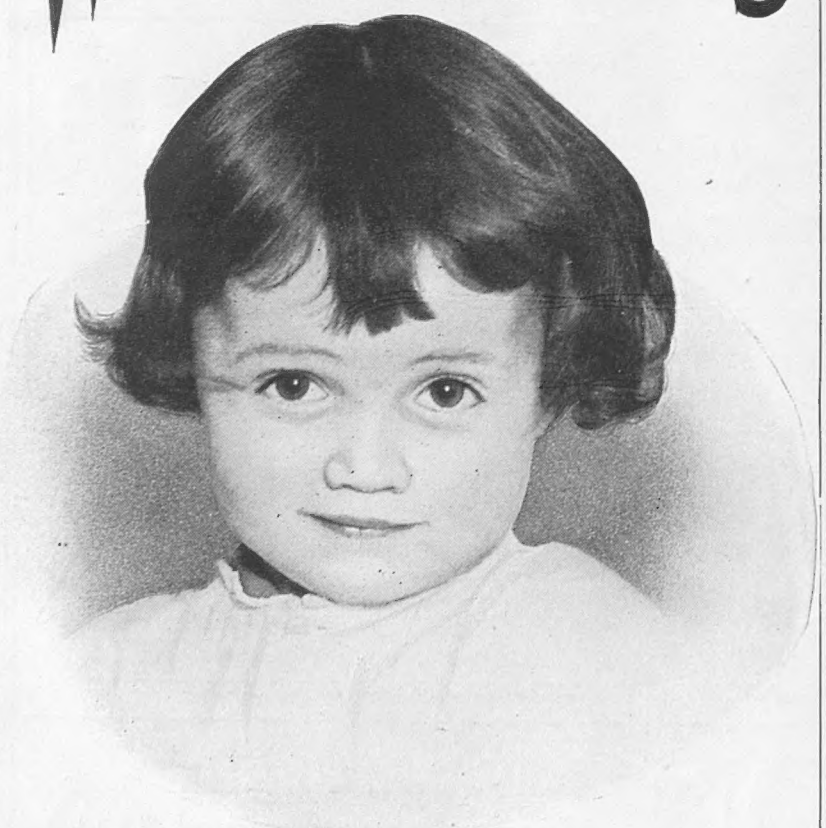

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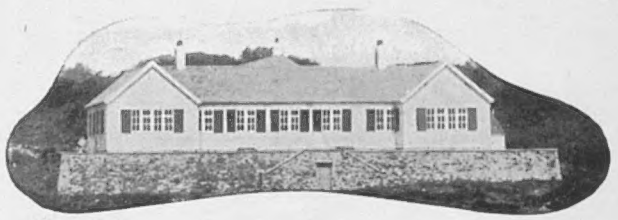

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 13, 1937

The King and Queen Attend Princess Alexandra's Christening

Their Majesties Leaving the Duke and Duchess of Kent's Home on Their Way to the Ceremony at Buckingham Palace

On Tuesday last the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who stands sixth in the line of succession to the Throne, was christened with traditional ceremony by Dr. Lang, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace, being given the names Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel. The name Christabel has been chosen by the Duke and Duchess to recall the fact that the child was born on Christmas Day, while she is named Alexandra after her great-grandmother, and Helen after her grandmother, Princess Nicholas of Greece. Olga is one of the names of Queen Mary and of the Duchess of Kent's sister, Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, while Elizabeth also has a dual significance in that it is borne by the Queen and by Countess Toerring, the Duchess's other sister. King George, one of the sponsors at the ceremony, had earlier in the day made his first State drive, going from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace where he held a Levee

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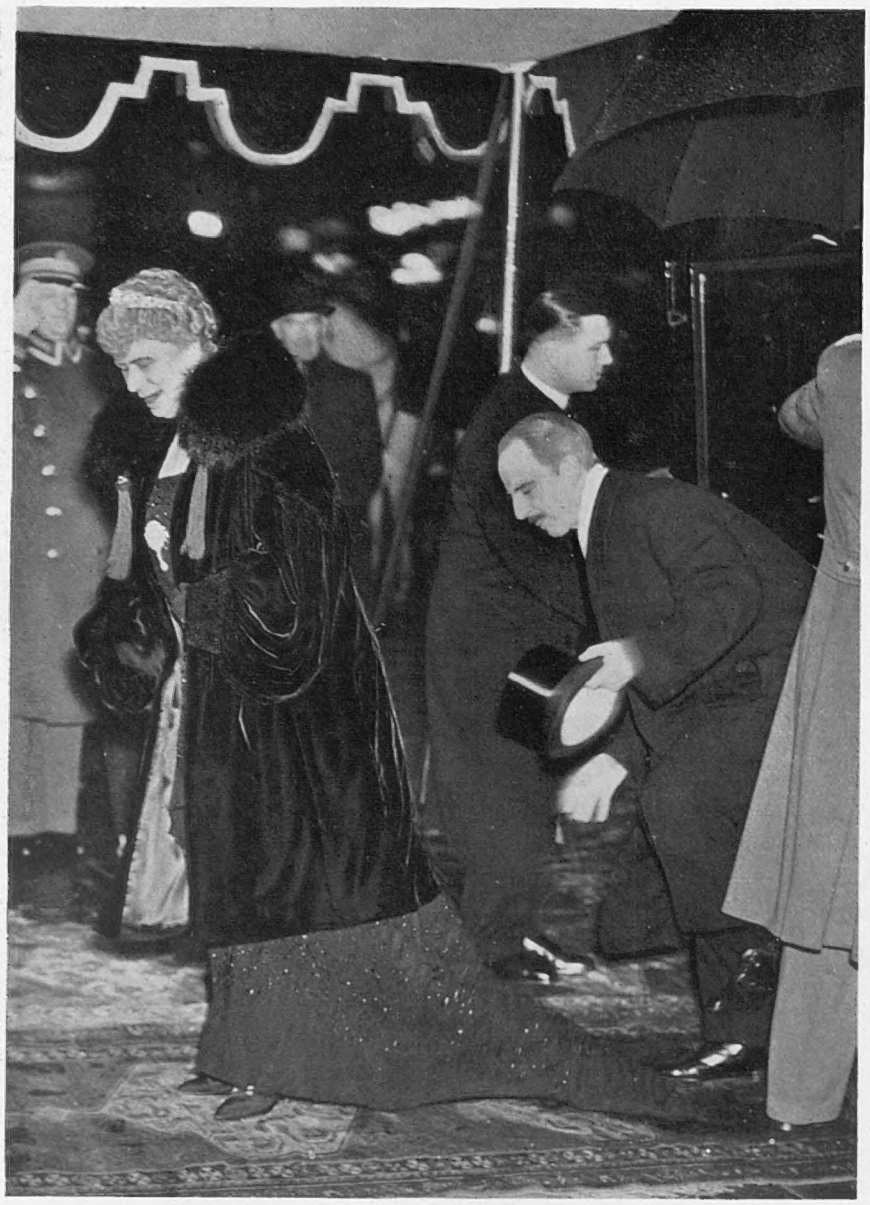


QUEEN MARY AT THE CINEMA: Her Majesty arriving at the new Gaumont to see the charity première of *The Great Barrier*—the dramatic picture dealing with the construction of the C.P.R. This was Queen Mary's second visit to a cinema in two days

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, February 10, 1937.

THE REGENCY BILL.—Every new sovereign, from Hanoverian times, has had the difficult days of the beginning of his reign made harder by the comments and criticisms, often in the worst taste, of "left-wingers" in the debate on the Civil List. The new King, George VI, has had, while the Civil List debate is still to come, an added cross to bear by the debate on the Regency Bill; and the wild and ill-mannered remarks of one or two extremists in Parliament on that debate cannot have failed to give him pain, and augur ill for the sense and relevance of left-wing criticism of the Civil List (on which several sound and reasonable suggestions might well be put forward courteously and helpfully). The Regency Bill, it is true, is novel and therefore mysterious to those who speak first and think (if think they can) afterwards, but there is nothing "unprecedented" about it, and doubtless, with experience of rush legislation in former reigns, the legal and ministerial authorities considered it was high time to have the business cut and dried once and for all, since even young and healthy sovereigns are subject to the chances of human life. And it needed very careful consideration, as drafted, to remove many unforeseen anomalies and even absurdities in connection with those persons who might automatically come to discharge grave duties if the sovereign were incapacitated. But it was hard on the King, the more so since the voice of a single ragamuffin is heard the louder when raised in a dignified and respectful crowd. It is the price we pay for the blessings of sensational journalism, which the public cannot do without. But Mr. Maxton "half-redeemed the fame" of his following's miserable contribution to a constitutional question of expediency by a gleam of sardonic and not ill-natured humour. On the Report stage, supporting a somewhat over-elaborate clause which might appear to give the sovereign, if abroad, power to confer a peerage by telegraph, he urged its importance on the ground that "if the King should decide to raise the Patronage Secretary (Captain Margeson) to the peerage," it was most important the House should have the good news at the earliest moment. That was legitimate fun and appealed to me.

HONOURS.—Every time an Honours List is published (twice a year, and perhaps thrice this year), I find it more and more necessary to scratch my head and wonder whether the whole policy of bestowal is not in need of reform. It is not individual items, but the whole question of honours which increasingly puzzles me; but, most of all, the continual conservation of hereditary titles. For twenty-five years, by consent of all parties in and out of office, the power of the Upper House and the status of the peerage have been suffered to decline. No sovereign since Queen Victoria emphasised in practice the alleged need of the monarchy to maintain a buffer state of select aristocrats between it and democracy. No sovereign has specially encouraged what was best in the peerage of his day. On the contrary, each sovereign since Victoria showed a desire to cut an increasingly democratic figure, to mix more with the crowds, to extend the hand of fellowship to the working man, in short to do anything rather than admit the need for any buffer between monarchy and the common people. And yet twice a year the emasculated but bulky peerage is replenished. Until such time as a means of reconstituting an effective second chamber is found, no doubt the hereditary peerage system must be kept going, but one would have expected the policy to be to let the number of peers drop to more reasonable proportions while hope remains that the second chamber issue may one day be grappled with. It is difficult to see how the policy of democratic equality and the removal of class barriers is advanced with these half-yearly sowings of what Byron called "another crop of little Honourable Misters" for a cause which no longer retains its old constitutional importance. It is odd, too, that men are still easily found to assume these honours which often accentuate mediocrity and assuredly increase the cost of living.

BARONETS.—But strangest of all I find the willingness of holders of fine, old historic titles to merge what remains at least an historic heirloom in a brand-new creation of a higher grade. When the 22nd Baron or the 19th Earl of some storied line accepts a Viscountcy or a Marquessate his action seems to me not only iconoclastic, but illogical; for it is waste of time to climb a ladder which leads nowhere. And Baronets? What boots it still to continue class distinction in a free democracy with these hereditary knights? Baronets have had a 300 years' run and all logic calls for the abolition of the Baronetcy. And here it seems that Mr. Baldwin, who makes free with baronetcies, is not unaware of the weakness of that hereditary title, for it is remarkable how high a percentage of baronetcies have in late years been bestowed on persons having no male issue. I believe the bestowal of honours has a genuine value. We Britons are made that way. We love that form of recognition which entitles us to show a ribbon, and it is a cheap way in which to keep a loyal and contented Civil Service, even though the "biennial" divide lack proportion for literature and the arts and other fields of service. Honours lists therefore are above criticism, in so far as the lesser awards both stimulate and reward good civil and social service done by humble folk throughout the Empire. It is the hereditary title business and the step-in-the-peerage business which seem to me to-day so puzzling and illogical. For either the House of Lords will be reformed one day by the cutting down through selection of its hereditary element and/or the admission of untitled or non-hereditary senators; or else, the Upper House unrationalised, the peerage will become more and more an anachronism and a senseless obstruction in the path of removing class distinctions in a free democracy. Either way, logic points clearly to a reduction in the number of hereditary title holders. But it may be my view is jaundiced by the fact that I regret so bitterly the refusal of the National Government to risk possible party issues by re-establishing an efficient second chamber.

A ROYAL DUKE'S MARRIAGE.—After a century the marriages of a Royal Duke—Augustus Frederick, sixth son of George III—have regained a topical interest as precedents for possible events of our own day. Prince Augustus Frederick, in 1801 at the late age of twenty-eight, was raised to the peerage under the titles of Baron Arklow, Earl of Inverness, and Duke of Sussex. As for his character, it was respectable. He was not without culture, he was genuinely interested in art and literature (he was a noted bibliophile), and agriculture. He early embraced Liberal principles and was affectionately regarded by Whig society, and was an ardent and lengthy public-dinner speaker. He marginally annotated hundreds of bibles and books on pugilism. He married twice, in each case a commoner, and he himself never disputed the sovereign's right and duty under the Royal Marriage Act of 1772 to declare his marriages void. He first married in Rome in 1793 (when he was under age) Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the fourth Earl of Dunmore, and went through with her another ceremony in London. There were two children of the marriage, Augustus and Ellen Augusta. To these were given the surname of d'Este—a surname common to both parents' ancestry. The daughter married Lord Chancellor Truro. The son became Sir Augustus d'Este and made various efforts to prove the marriage "good and valid" and to claim his right to succeed to his father's peerages; but he was unsuccessful. The Duke and Lady Augusta soon parted but the Duke did not remarry until after Lady Augusta's death. In 1832 he remarried with a lady with whom he had become intimate. This was Lady Cecilia Underwood. She was born a Gore, daughter of the second Earl of Arran, and had first married Sir George Buggin. On his death, not liking his surname, she assumed her mother's maiden surname of Underwood. One night in the latter part of 1832 the Duke, then living in Kensington Palace, appeared at Lady Cecilia's house in Great Cumberland Place with a clergyman. My grandfather, who was Lady Cecilia's nephew, was by arrangement dining with her and he was witness of the ceremony of their marriage in the drawing-room.

DUCHESS OF INVERNESS.

—Then H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex and Lady Cecilia Underwood settled down to married life at Kensington Palace under those styles of address. They announced their marriage to Whig Society by arriving in the same coach at a drum of Lady Grey's, and on March 10, 1833, Thomas Creevey attended their first dinner party at Kensington and noted: "Suss handed Ciss out and she sat next him, and it was very amusing to see how distinctly she showed herself to be his wife and the mistress of the house . . ." But she was not of course "officially" recognised. In 1838 at the accession banquet at Guildhall to Queen Victoria the City authorities refused her a place as the duke's lady. So things went on until (under pressure and through affection for her queer old uncle) Queen Victoria created Lady Cecilia Duchess of Inverness (a kind of faked title, the Earldom of Inverness being one of the duke's royal titles). This patent was hedged with conditions. The creation was to rank for precedence not among royal dukedoms, but lowest in the rank of ordinary dukedoms. The new duchess was to take precedence only above the senior marquess or his lady. At no time was the royal marriage thereby freed from its automatic voidness under the Act of 1772. Lady Cecilia did not become H.R.H., she was in no degree a royalty, though some of her own personal possessions of plate bear the royal arms. She was a peeress in her own right and I observe from letters which I possess of hers that she signed herself "Inverness," as any other peer would do. The duke died in '43 and, refusing to lie amid royal dust, was buried at Kensal Green. The duchess lived on for years among the relics of his collections at Kensington Palace, attended by old and lazy servants—a kindly, good little woman of whom no evil was ever whispered after her second marriage. She joined the duke beneath Kensal Green in '73. There was no issue of the marriage.

LAVINGTON PARK.

—West Sussex will hail with joy the news that Capt. Euan Wallace has bought the late Lord Woolavington's beautiful estate. Lavington Park was in the market and the county was in dread that this lovely place might attract the speculative builder. It lies in gloriously unspoiled country south of Petworth and north-east of Chichester and was an important link in the chain of fortification against villarisation which is maintained by the great landowners of West Sussex who have long held on to their lands for a good cause, often at financial sacrifice. Where it is suitable for small settlements, land in West Sussex is readily available. The policy of these staunch landowners is obviously farsighted and by no means selfish. The Lavington area is quite unsuited to speculative development. It lies in historic and lovely country, close to Duncton Hill and to the famous Roman villa at Bignor, the land celebrated by Kipling, Belloc, and Chesterton. The house is fine and dignified and the property acquired includes a dower and other smaller and excellent houses. It adjoins on the north Lord Leconfield's broad acres of Petworth, and on the west and south the estates of Goodwood and West Dean, including the glorious Charlton Forest on the Downs. It is a great relief to know that nearly 1,400 acres of Lavington will be kept together and treated with care and taste, and Capt. Wallace will be welcomed in the county. He is Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade and although he has held a number of Government posts is only 45. His wife is a daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens. Capt. Wallace prefers hunting to shooting. The shooting is good, the hunting moderate, in West Sussex but both Lord Leconfield's and the Cowdray hounds provide good sport if not of Shires standard.

OUR FAITH.

—Assuredly we are not flabby in faith—in our star and our Royal Family. Contemplating the preparations for the Coronation, which already have made a part of the West End impassable for pedestrians, and thinking of all the material already made up and being made to lend splendour to the scene in Abbey and streets, of the labours and risks embarked on by hundreds of commercial firms, one remembers that all depends on the happy issue of a day still a quarter of a year distant. A severe cold, a touch of 'flu, the mild infection of chicken pox, the death of an elderly relative, a chance stumble, a grave European crisis, any one of these things (and they are, even the last, not of rare occurrence) might make that date a *dies non* and upset the biggest applecart ever loaded. But we scorn such apprehensions. The Coronation is indeed "that far-off, divine event to which the whole (of our) creation moves," and we have absolute faith that it will be "all right on the day," that the chief actors will be splendidly fit, the weather superbly fine, and Europe and Nature serene or dormant of ugly passions. We have robust faith in our Royal Family, our May weather, and our stars. *Hubris* or national virtue? Commercially no doubt, we are taking risks and reaching out for business with legitimate courage. We are spending a big outlay on advertising splash in the belief that it will reap big dividends. The contrast this spring and summer between, say, Bond Street, London, and the High Street of a Distressed Area town will no doubt be great, but it should not arouse class feeling, and those who use it as a handle are mischievous. For the effort is national if the main risks are individual—we must swallow even Court dresses at £50 for "working men" as a necessary item in the national trade effort, though I suppose the selected working man pays his own tailor's bill.

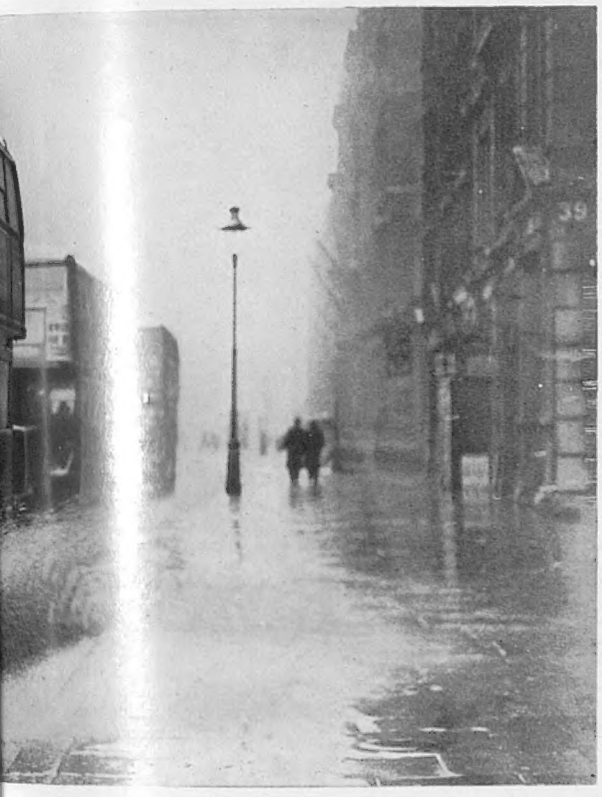
MARTYRS' MEMORIAL.

—The site of the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford has witnessed many queer gatherings and strange, awful, and ridiculous scenes. Undergraduates have for generations determined that the shade of Master Ridley should "be of good cheer," if undergraduate humour could bring it about. On the anniversary of the murder of Charles Martyr Mr. Peter Geach (Ball. Coll.), an ardent believer in the Stuart cause, gathered together some eighty of the faithful or frivolous and there "unfurled the Stuart standard," proclaiming Rupprecht of Bavaria lawful King of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The standard was last unfurled in 1745 and a Stuart last "proclaimed King" in 1751 at a local industrial demonstration. Mr. Geach secured his Press interview, confirmed his sincerity, and had his hour of fame as a joker; and the House of Windsor, ever kindly and tolerant in their relations with the Stuarts, showed no sign of panic. In a world of change it is good to learn that "Oxford is as Oxford was". If the Oxford undergraduate "extremist" is not treated seriously, even by the proctors, we are glad to know that he is still not too flabby to jest, even in indifferent taste. As for Rupprecht, he knows something of England. He has been earmarked for other thrones besides those of Britain and Ireland, but is unlikely to order his ermine out of cold storage.

ANOTHER LONELY PLOUGHMAN.

—The Labour Party's executive has, as expected, kicked the Socialist League out. At least it has kicked out Sir Stafford and offered his misled followers an amnesty on submission. Sir Stafford announces that he will lead his followers—or the devoted remnant of his 3,000—along the planned path to revolutionary Socialism and a united front with Communists and I.L.P. So two able men—who, if things had gone otherwise, might have adorned the Cabinets of one or other of the old constitutional parties—are out in the wilderness with small followings. The careers and characters of Sir Stafford and Sir Oswald are of much interest to psychologists and novelists. In the fashion of the day one is inclined to trace the isolation of their positions and their present preclusion from a useful employment of their abilities in the political service of the State, to some youthful repression or other psychological origin. Of the two, I should say that, while both are now sincere in their political creeds, Sir Stafford more deliberately chose his road. Sir Oswald found himself ploughing his lonely furrow through a series of circumstances of which he did not fully foresee the result. There were bitter memories of youth in Sir Oswald's case which helped to make him a lonely figure and an extremist. Both have made sacrifices for their unpopular causes and are entitled to the respect we pay to moral courage.

THE OLD STAGER



BRITAIN'S CLIMATIC VAGARIES: Cars and buses sent spray high into the air as they made their way along Victoria Street last Sunday after a torrential downpour. On this day there was more than half-an-inch of rain, and before the first week of February was out it was reported that in some parts of Southern England 90 per cent. of a normal February rainfall had already been experienced

RECEIVED IN AUDIENCE: *Left*—M. Constantine de Masirevich, the Hungarian Minister, and (*right*) Lieut.-General Krishna Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, the Nepalese Minister, were picturesque figures at last week's function at Buckingham Palace when Ambassadors and Ministers of Foreign Powers presented to His Majesty their new Letters of Credence to the Court of St. James's. It was on this occasion that Herr von Ribbentrop, the German Ambassador, created a surprise by giving King George the Nazi salute

A Right Royal Week

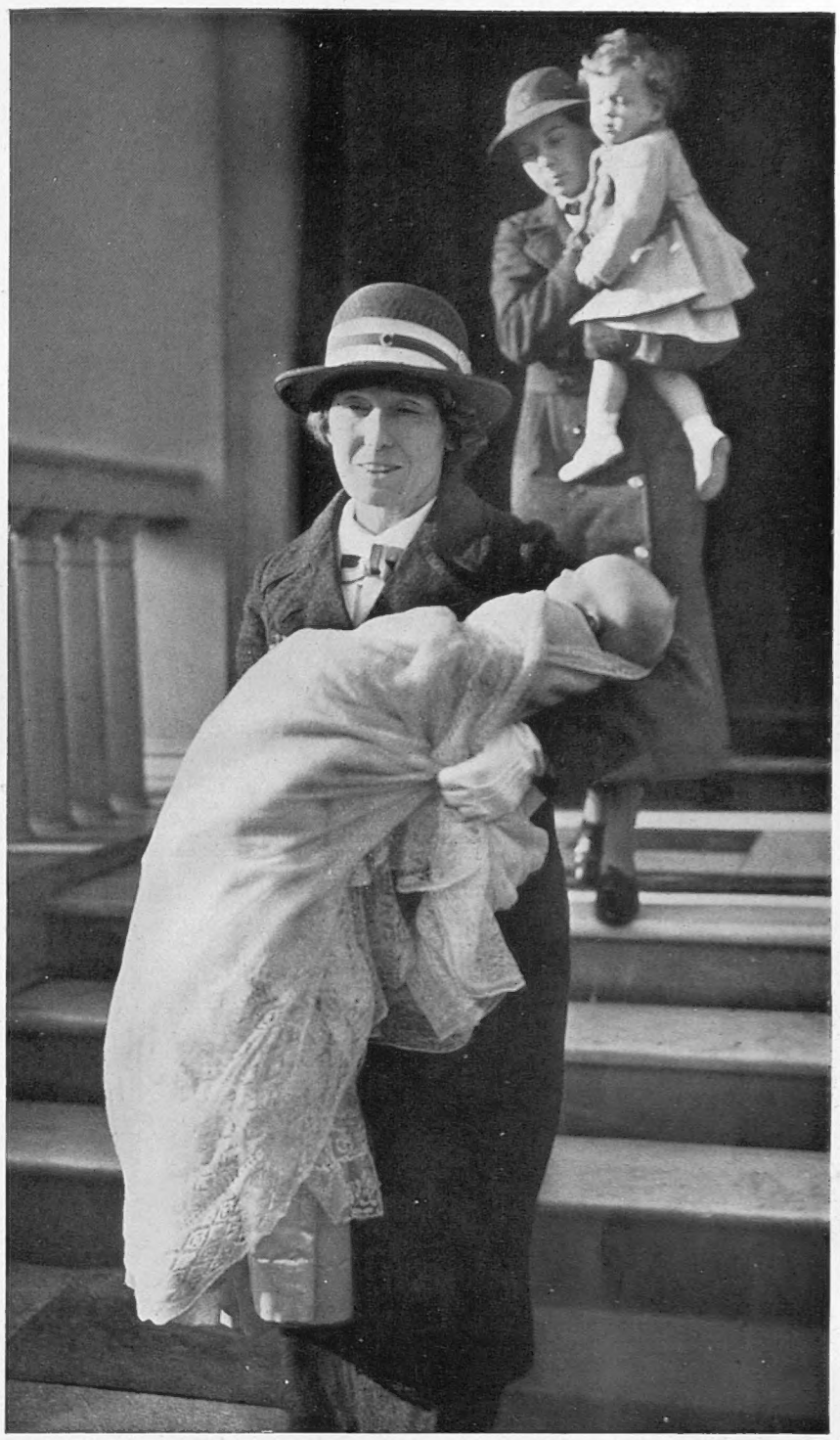
A FORETASTE OF CORONATION PAGEANTRY: King George seen through the window of the Royal coach as he drove last Tuesday morning from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace to hold the first Levee of the reign. His Majesty was bareheaded, and was dressed in the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards

ALSO AT BELGRAVE SQUARE: Queen Mary, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, as she left the Duke and Duchess of Kent's home after attending the luncheon party before the christening. Her Majesty has been much in the public eye of late, and she is now making considerably more appearances

ON THE STEPS OF No. 3: The Duke and Duchess of Kent pictured outside their Belgrave Square home as they were about to leave for Buckingham Palace to attend the christening of their second-born, six weeks old Princess Alexandra. The ceremony was conducted in the private chapel by the Archbishop of Canterbury

THE STATE DRIVE DOWN THE MALL: The Royal coach (drawn by a pair Palace Mews), on its way from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace last Tues was due to pass rain fell heavily and the sky was dark, but just at the right mom were duly rewarded. In the background can be seen some of the Coronat

SETTING A NEW STYLE : The Duchess of Kent, wearing a beautiful fur, a neat skull-cap hat, and a novel coiffure, seen as she left No. 3 on Tuesday morning. Afterwards Her Royal Highness returned home for the Royal luncheon party, and then left for the christening in company with her husband



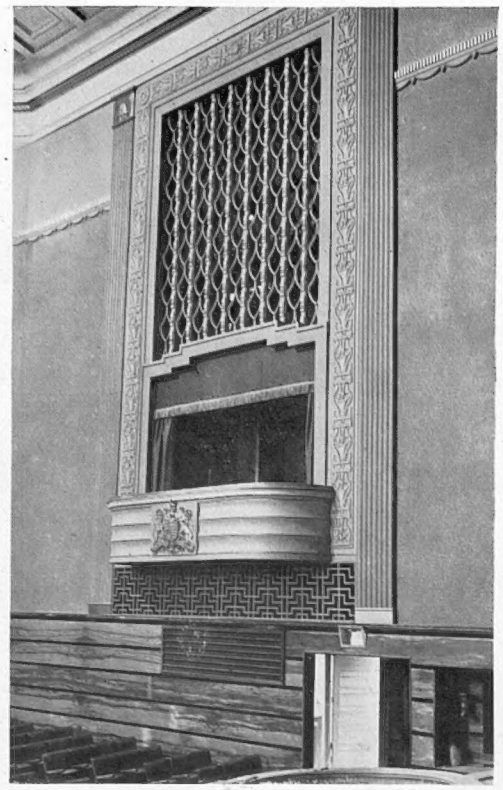
ALEXANDRA HELEN ELIZABETH OLGA CHRISTABEL : The six weeks old Princess carried down the steps of No. 3, Belgrave Square, before being driven to Buckingham Palace for her christening—a ceremony attended by many members of the Royal Family. In the background is Prince Edward, now sixteen months old

the famous Windsor greys, which are now on the strength of the when the King held his first Levee. An hour before the procession the sun broke through and the crowds who had braved the weather stands which are now nearing completion but have yet to be decorated

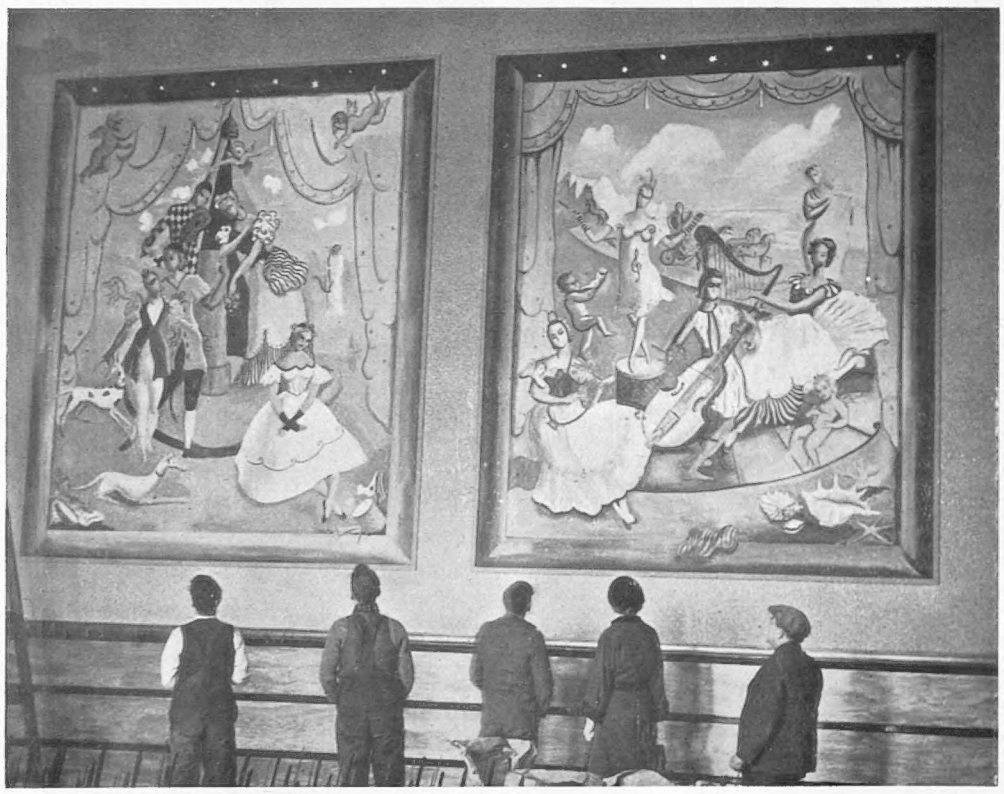
On right—TAKING A PEEP at some of the brilliantly uniformed figures as they left St. James's after the Levee

THE NEW PEOPLE'S PALACE

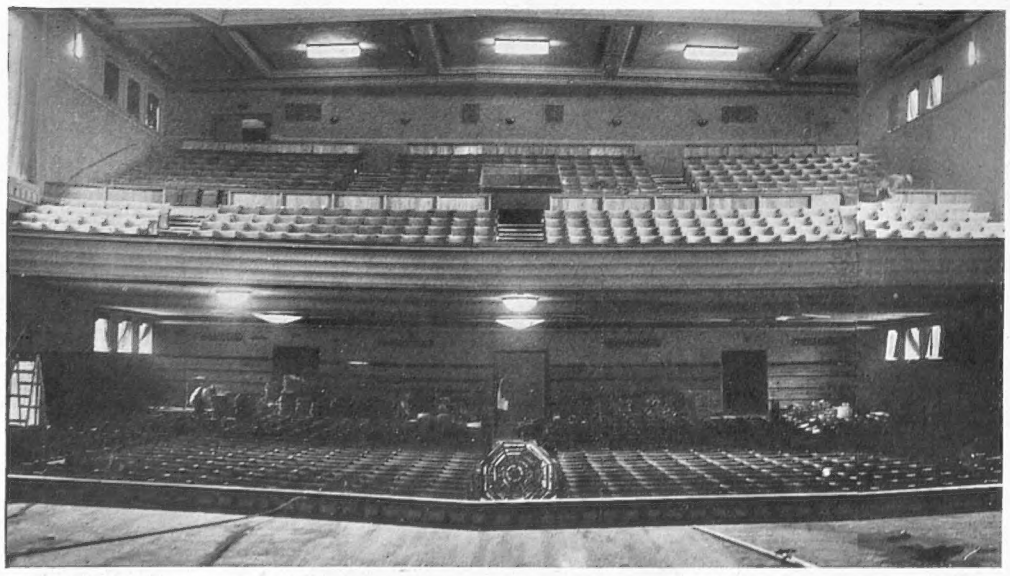
The Rebuilt Recreation Centre in the Mile End Road and Its Inauguration by the King and Queen



A CULTURAL FACTOR IN THE EAST END: *Left*—The imposing main entrance of the People's Palace, the new building in the Mile End Road, which was to have been inaugurated by Edward VIII last December, and which their Majesties the King and Queen arranged to open to-day, Saturday, on one of the first official public appearances of the reign. The former Palace, it will be remembered, was destroyed by fire in 1931, and now this new and even more magnificent successor has been set up with the object of continuing the old tradition of providing "for the recreation and moral and intellectual advancement of the working classes in the East End." *Right*—The Royal Box in the great auditorium



"THE DRAMA" AND "MUSIC" are the subjects of these two panels by P. Bray adorning the walls of the Palace, the décor of which strikes a modern, dignified note. Another artist who has co-operated in the work is Eric Gill, who has executed five panels representing the purposes of the building



THE QUEEN'S HALL: The main auditorium of the Palace has seating accommodation for about 1,600 people, and there are facilities for the presentation of films, plays, ballets, and opera. All the chairs on the floor level can be moved into the basement by a lift and a movable floor can be put in for dancing, while the erection of a boxing ring across the orchestra is another quick change that can be made. There is also a smaller auditorium to seat 500 people, having a large platform for lectures, concerts, or other entertainments, and an important future extension of the whole scheme will be a youth centre costing £52,000. The first Palace was opened fifty-one years ago by Queen Victoria

Two beautiful hairdressing modes of Reynolds' sitters of which the visitor will find dozens of examples at the Reynolds Exhibition now in progress at 45, Park Lane

WHAT of SIR JOSHUA?

A Ramble Through the Galleries at Sir Philip Sassoon's House

There are just over a hundred items in the Sir Joshua Reynolds Exhibition at 45, Park Lane, and one can see them any day now, including Sundays, for 5s., proceeds going to the Royal Northern Hospital, a very worthy institution. But the question which immediately concerns one on a visit to Sir Philip's charming house is the worthiness of Sir Joshua. One critic stated in the Sunday Press that the exhibition would be valuable as enabling the present generation to gauge the value of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Well, perhaps, but perhaps not, for a large number of Sir Joshua's major works, "The Three Miss Waldegraves," "The Two Gentlemen with a Print," and pictures of that calibre are quite definitely not at No. 45. What you do get is a large collection of portraits, mainly of single sitters, with a certain sprinkling of mothers with children and just one or two family groups, all of which may or may not include a dog. The number of family pets recorded by the great little man is most noticeable.

You encounter the pictures first in the outer lobby, but one is inclined to overlook these, as one of Sir Philip's helpful footmen gently but quite definitely insists that you here leave your hat and coat and a sixpence (Royal Northern Hospital). But soon you are in the inner staircase hall and are greeted by the very gracious scent of masses of hyacinths, in Coronation colours of red, white, and blue, as the observant Corisande recorded in the *Evening Standard*.

In the main mirror salon one's first impression is of elegant owners standing about in groups, and spotting pictures which Jimmy or some other relative has sent—handsome, commanding looking men, and women of a distinct charm. On the walls there are Barings, Russells, and Crewes, a Duchess of Buccleuch, a Viscountess Beauchamp, and the first of a number of portraits of actresses of the period, and quite a number of men, the most arresting to us being the big 93 × 58 portrait of Colonel St. Leger, heir of the founder of the St. Leger Stakes, and A.D.C. to George, Prince of Wales (temp. 1778). The great gunpowder clouds rolling about behind the figure are here quite apposite—the fortunate position and lighting help to make the portrait quite arresting.

One slides carefully from alcove to alcove and room to room. Portrait succeeds portrait, sometimes brilliant in colouring, sometimes faded to a complexion one sees nowadays under those charming mercury vapour lamps. The style of hair-dressing adopted by the sitters begins to thrust itself on the attention—powdered or plain, the hair is either drawn back and piled high, or is artfully arranged in a wind-blown mass. A few years separate style from style—the well-dated catalogue will enlighten you.

And the settings in which Sir Joshua placed his sitters begin to intrigue. This perpetual tree and glade background or the massy pillar with suspended crimson carpet—the whole question of the permissibility of the landscape background rises at every turn. Where is a simple, real interior? Yes, Laurence Sterne, Reynolds' own self-portrait, and several others—all seem in a greater category.

Here, in the last room, a long, elegant apartment, there are on the walls some fascinating actresses, painted, it would seem, a little more freely—or is one only imagining? There are a great many living distractions passing at the moment—it is a 10s. day and the shoes and stockings of the younger duchesses are without fault and even to a male eye, expensive. Are the living twentieth-century folk more vivid, or was it the stuffy north-light convention which makes so many of these portraits seem underlit? Is there any real *light* in these portraits of Sir Joshua's? with a half exception here and there.

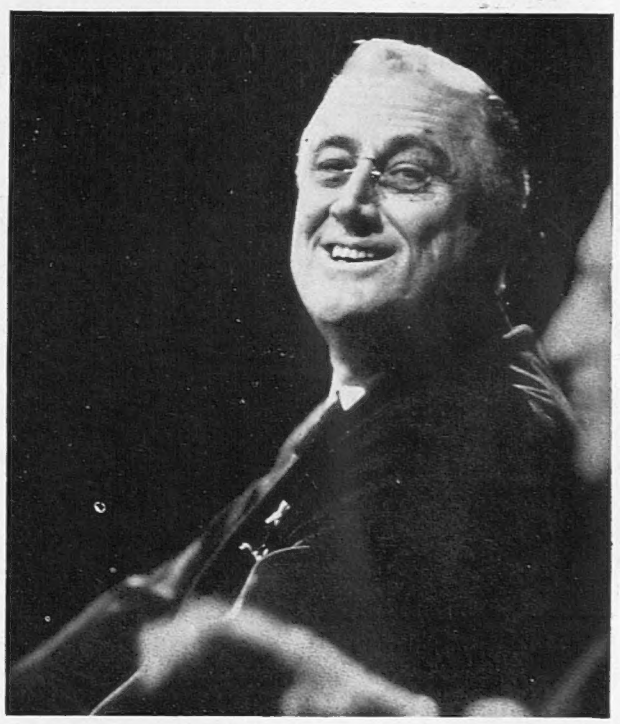
There is a definite scheme of shadow in the great canvas of Mrs. Lloyd—carving a gentleman's initials on a tree. This is emphasised in a sketch for the picture, also exhibited, and there is a self-portrait with a shadow on the face, but a picture really lit and possibly glowing. That little boy? That Kitty Fisher? Possibly. Has Time all this while been trying to turn these portraits into tapestries? It would seem so.

And if, now that you are more foot-sure, the eye sweeps in a general survey and does not find something it seeks, perhaps the solution is in Sir Joshua's summing up at the end of his third discourse: "The whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind."

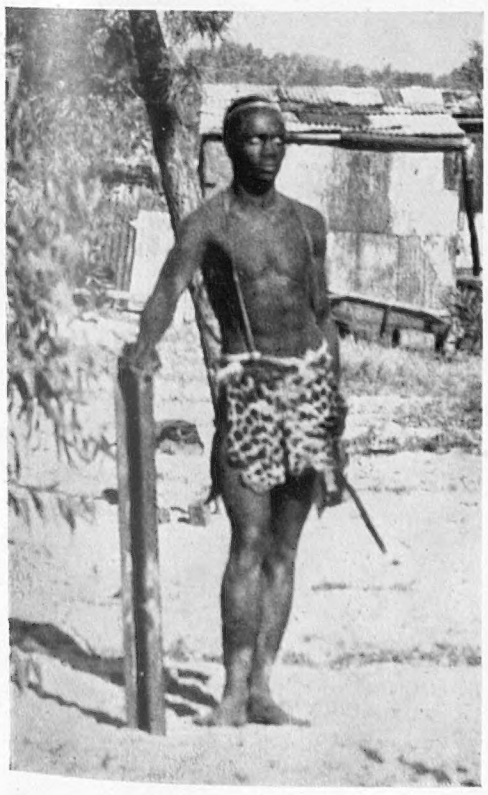
NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

Mecca Pilgrims Embark at Oran—Constitutional Issue in the United States

WOULD-BE HADJEES OF THE AFRICAN DESERT: Crowds of Mussulmans on the quayside of an Algerian port when preparing to embark on the French liner *Mendoza*, which is depicted on left waiting ready in port to take them in comfort through the Mediterranean on their long journey of pilgrimage to sacred Mecca. Much to the indignation of the pilgrims the departure of the *Mendoza* was delayed for some time in order to allow of the police verifying identity papers, and as a result 152 out of the 722 travellers were forbidden to sail by this boat



ROOSEVELT SPRINGS A SURPRISE: The American President (depicted above at one of his now familiar Press conferences and on right in his usual smiling, imperturbable mood) last week submitted a message to Congress that may have nation-wide repercussions. For if his attempt to reform the Federal Judiciary succeeds it will virtually mean that he will have power over "the nine old men of the Supreme Court," that body which has in the past declared so many of his plans unconstitutional

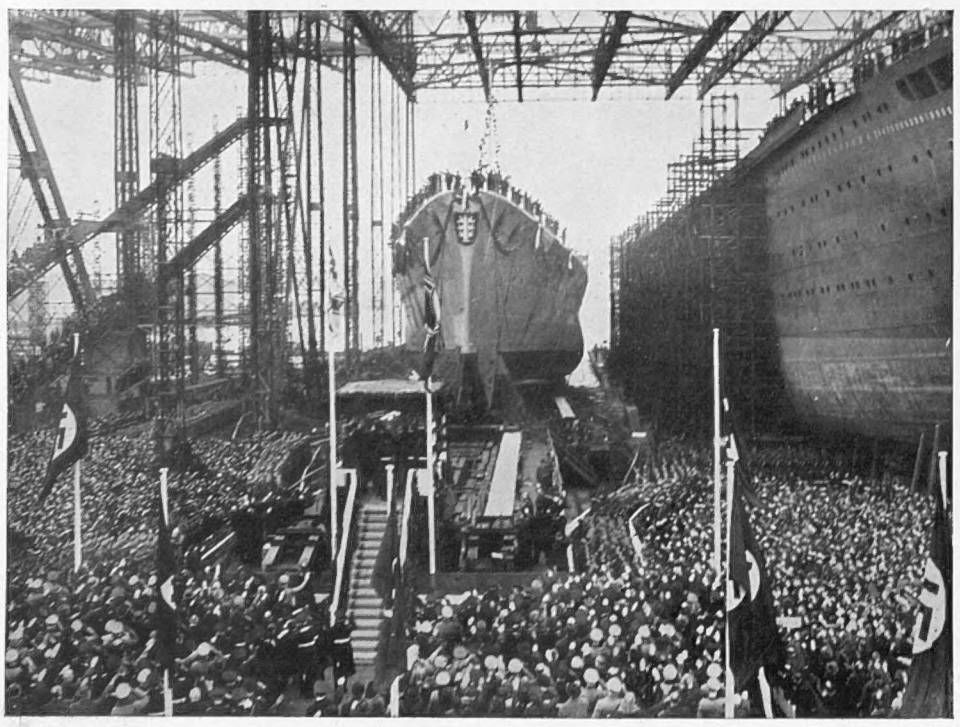


On left — SELF-STYLED MESSIAH: Martin Mboya, a native of Cape Province, considers himself the prophet of his god, "Morning Star," and as such has been creating a nuisance in his home-town. Recently he invaded a house, and, after declaring it to be the property of the god, threatened the inhabitants with an axe, eventually driving them out and throwing all their furniture after them. The police then took a hand, but, when they found that tear gas bombs held no terrors for Mboya, they had to rush the house in order to make an arrest. The "prophet" is pictured here with a four-foot length of railway line which he regards as his altar

On right—FÊTED IN THE FAR EAST: Prince Aly Khan, the son of the Aga Khan, and his wife, Princess Aly Khan, whom he married in Paris last year, seen during the joyous reception which was accorded them by the Aga Khan's followers, the Ismailite Muhammadans, on their recent arrival at Bombay from Europe

OLD ENEMIES MEET: Signor Mussolini receiving in audience in Rome his former foes, Ras Ghetacciu (second from right) and bearded Ras Seyum, fiercest of Abyssinian chiefs who, at the head of 30,000 men, put up a stout resistance in the early days of the Italo-Ethiopian war. Seyum now lives in Addis Ababa where he acts as unofficial adviser to the Italian Colonial Government

THE DUCE'S AIRMAN SON WEDS: Lieutenant Vittorio Mussolini, of the Italian Air Force, who fought with distinction in the African war, leaving St. Joseph's, Rome, with his bride, Orsola Buvoli, a Milanese girl. The church was thronged with high State officials, representatives of the Fascist party, and of the fighting services, and the ceremony itself (stated one report) was a rather curious mingling of Fascist ritual and the age-old traditions of the Catholic Church

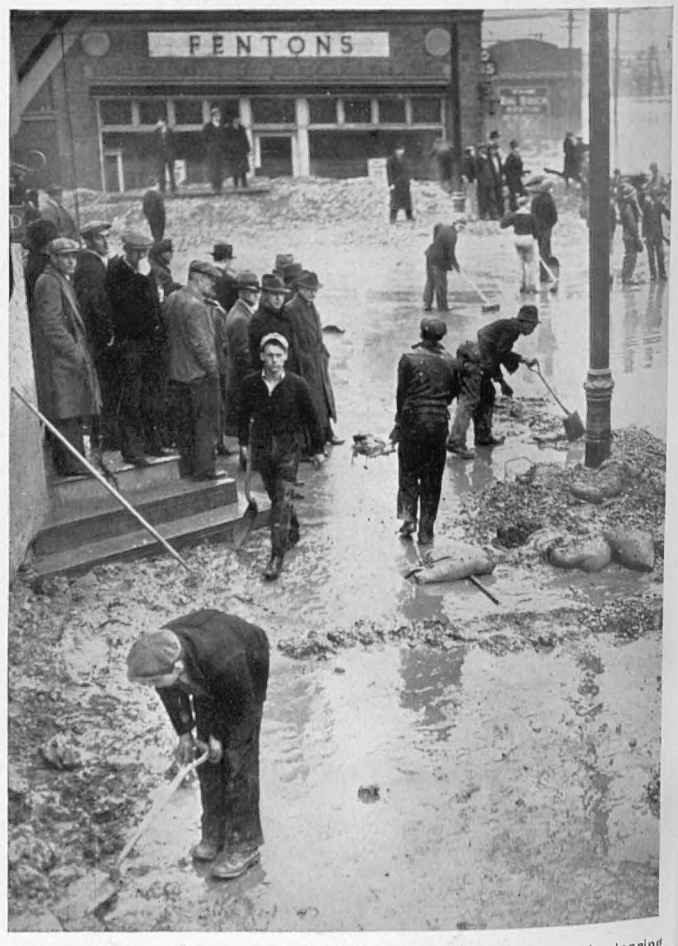


GERMANY'S FIRST POST-WAR HEAVY CRUISER: The 10,000-ton warship going down the slipway at Hamburg last Saturday after she had been launched on behalf of Chancellor Hitler by Frau Raeder, wife of the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, and named *Admiral Hipper* in honour of the great war commander who led the cruiser attack in the first phase of the Battle of Jutland

FLOODS AT HOME AND ABROAD

The Inundated Thames Valley and an Ohio Town After the Waters had Receded

THE THAMES AGAIN BREAKS ITS BANKS: An aerial view of the inundated countryside in the neighbourhood of Staines where, as a result of the incessant rains during last week-end, the river flowed over many hundreds of acres of land, the water being in some parts nearly a mile wide although on the whole of no great depth



AFTERMATH IN A KENTUCKY TOWN: Workmen engaged in debris-clearing in a square at Covington after the flood-waters of the Ohio had receded, leaving pools and quantities of mud in every street. Meanwhile cities farther downstream were in turn facing the onslaught

The Home Fleet Goes South

For the Spring Cruise and Combined Exercises

ROLLING ROUND FINISTERRE: A scene aboard the 40,000-ton battleship, *Rodney*, as she made her way down the Spanish coast at the start of the spring cruise of the Home Fleet. Big seas were encountered in the Bay of Biscay

HEAVY WEATHER ON THE HIGH SEAS: A picture taken from *Royal Sovereign*, showing *Resolution* and *Ramilies* in her wake, as the Home Fleet battled with gale conditions in the Bay of Biscay when on the way out to relieve during part of the spring cruising period the ships of the Mediterranean Fleet which have had such a long spell in Spanish waters. In March the two fleets will engage in a mock battle

THE FIRST TYPE OF FLYING BOAT TO BE CARRIED IN CRUISERS OF THE ROYAL NAVY: *Above*—A close-up of a Vickers Supermarine Walrus being hooked on to a crane before, as depicted on right, being hoisted aboard its parent ship H.M.S. *Devonshire* during exercises in the Mediterranean. The Walrus, which can be launched by catapult, is an unusually versatile type of craft, being able to land either on the sea, on an aircraft carrier, or on an aerodrome

THE L.C.C.: ITS POWERS AND SCOPE

G.H.Q. OF THE L.C.C.: A special "Sphere" picture showing the long Thames-side frontage of London's County Hall as it appears at night lit up by mercury vapour lamps suffusing it with a strange green light. The building is now to be practically duplicated by a big block to be set up on the opposite side of Belvedere Road, thus providing increased accommodation for the immense staff engaged in the government of the metropolis. *On left*—The imposing southern portal

By J. BAKER WHITE

NEXT month the 2,000,000 electors in London will be called upon to vote for the election of a new County Council to replace that which has been in power with a Socialist majority since March 1934. With 124 Councillors to be elected there are likely to be some 300 candidates, and already the posters, pamphlets, and pronunciamentos of the rival parties have made their appearance. The voters of London are surprisingly apathetic about this election for only 34 per cent. went to the polls in 1934, but they might not be if they realised not only how important a body the London County Council is, but how much power it has over the liberties of the individual householder and property owner, and over the expenditure of their money.

The London County Council first came into being under the Local Government Act of 1888, and it covers an area of some 117 square miles. All this is governed by the L.C.C. from its large and seemingly ever-growing offices known as the County Hall, save the City of London, which is ruled by its own Corporation. The Council consists of a Chairman, twenty Aldermen, who sit for six years with ten retiring every three years, and the 124 Councillors who are elected every three years. The Aldermen are chosen by the Councillors who in their turn are chosen by the ratepayers. The actual business of government is carried out by a large number of committees, corresponding with their appropriate permanent staffs to the departments of the national government machine, and the full Council meets once a week, on Tuesdays.

The most important of the committees really is that dealing with finance and the expenditure of the income accruing from the rates and Exchequer grants. In 1936–37 the amount required from the ratepayers was £21,710,850, as compared with £21,368,250 in the previous financial year, representing a rate of 7s. 3½d. in the £, as against 7s. in 1935–6 and 6s. 1½d. in 1934–35. These figures would seem to show that Socialism in practice has been expensive for the ratepayer.

The main items of L.C.C. expenditure are as follows:—

Service	Expenditure including Debt Charges
	£
Education	13,327,000
Public assistance	6,980,000
Public health	5,508,000
Fire Brigade	933,814
Highways, bridges, and street improvements	1,252,000
Main drainage	859,339
Mental deficiency	534,546
Housing accounts—net deficiency	507,973
Administrative expenses not allocated to specific services	944,024

Total expenditure of all kinds was estimated at £32,781,000, and it must be remembered that the total net debt of the L.C.C. is now something over £77,445,000, of which over £44,000,000 is in respect of housing. All borrowings by the Council are subject to the provision of a sinking fund, under Treasury approval, sufficient to repay all expenditure within sixty years. The total stock outstanding at the end of 1936 was £108,135,000, including the issue of £10,000,000 made in September of that year but excluding outstanding Local Housing Bonds to the value of £2,292,000. These figures would seem to show a disturbingly large amount of debt for even the richest and the largest city in the world.

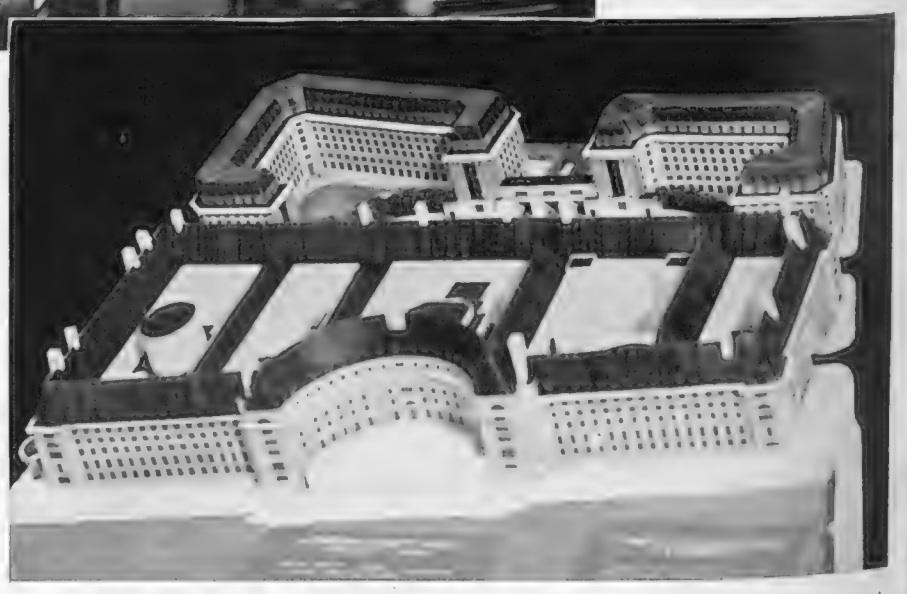
The L.C.C. has to do a good deal with its money. It maintains 1,134 elementary schools with some 554,000 pupils, 247 secondary and technical schools with nearly 173,000 students, and makes grants to the University of London and to eighty similar schools with over 76,000 students. Its employs 20,000 teachers, 2,030 firemen, 27,000 persons in hospitals and mental hospitals; maintains about 400 miles of sewers and seventy-four hospitals with room for 41,000 patients; owns dwellings and housing estates bringing in £3,577,000 a year in rent, and runs a thousand-and-one other services from testing gas meters to licensing slaughter houses. It is generally agreed that, thanks largely to efficient permanent officials, London is extraordinarily well run, but there has been a disturbing increase in recent years in administrative charges.

It is unfortunate, but true, that the vast majority of the general public and of property-owners in particular do not realise the very great power with which successive Acts of Parliament have invested local government bodies throughout the country and more especially the London County Council. The present L.C.C. has made great play with the phrase "Replanning London," and it has produced a large-scale map that was on view for a time at County Hall, illustrating its projects. Probably not one property-owner in a thousand has seen this map or has been aware of its existence, but one fine day property-owners may receive a notice informing them that the Council proposes to exercise its powers of compulsory acquisition to take over their property, re-condition it—and this is a word capable of a wide interpretation—or even demolish it "under Section Blank of Housing Act Blank."

Since 1919 a succession of Housing Acts has been passed by Parliament, and it is very doubtful whether the Members of the Lords and Commons have realised what autocratic powers they have placed in the hands of local government bodies. There is, for example, an

(Continued on page 256)

On left—LONDON'S PARLIAMENT IN SESSION: Lord Snell (centre on dais), chairman of the L.C.C., presiding over a meeting in County Hall



THINGS TO COME: County Hall as it will appear when the existing buildings are duplicated, no longer being deemed adequate to house the enormous central administrative staff of 5,300 employed in London's government. This model of the extension is on view in the modern section of the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Architecture at Burlington House

Changes on London's River

THE NEW CHELSEA BRIDGE TAKES SHAPE: Looking along the carriage-way of the great structure which is now well on the way towards completion. There are thirty-seven suspension cables on each side, and there is room for a 40-ft. roadway and two 14-ft. wide footpaths

ORDER GRADUALLY EMERGES: The new Chelsea Bridge, which occupies the site of its never satisfactory predecessor, seen from the Battersea Park side of the Thames; a view showing the appearance of the balustrading all of which is now in position

MINIATURE HOMES EN MASSE: London's largest block of flats, which has been put up in Grosvenor Road on a site looking across the Thames towards Battersea and Kennington

Below—START OF A MIGHTY UNDERTAKING: Excavating the foundations of the vast new block of L.C.C. offices which is to be erected adjoining the present Council buildings. In his article on the opposite page J. Baker White comments on this latest phase in the "almost continuous growth of County Hall" and also on the L.C.C.'s rapidly rising administrative expenses

ROYAL REMOVAL: The Queen Victoria statue at the Embankment end of Blackfriars Bridge being prepared for transference to another site thirty yards distant. The step has been taken to simplify traffic control at this point

SALUTE TO THE FALLEN: A firing party standing over the grave of a comrade who had been killed during the fighting in Aragon—a part of the theatre of civil war where things have been on the whole quiet of recent weeks

SPAIN AFTER SEVEN

Survey of the Situation Round Madrid an

Feb. 8, 1937

WITHIN the last few days we have heard that watchers at Gibraltar actually saw some sort of naval engagement taking place in the Straits a few miles to the south. While, up to date, nothing has leaked out on either side to enable us to form any conclusions as to the why and wherefore of this naval engagement, it is probable that a considerable body of troops was being transported from Morocco to reinforce the white armies in the south; their destination may have been Algeciras, en route to Ronda and Malaga.

In the neighbourhood of Madrid, military events have not greatly progressed, and a position of stalemate and trench warfare has manifested itself. The balance of advantage appears to be on the side of the whites, for by the capture, north-west of Madrid, of the towns of Pozuelo, Majadshonda, and Las Rosas, General Franco has, to all intents and purposes, isolated the garrison of El Escorial, and has placed that red force in a very nasty predicament. They must now be dependent on their own supplies and military spirit. Alternatively, they must fight to a finish or retreat north-east, through Colmenar and a tangle of valleys south-east of it, to reach safety at Alcála de Menares, some 25 miles north-east of Madrid. The reds make great play with the fighting in the University city, and constantly publish reports of the rout of the white attacker in this quarter. Reading between the lines, all it amounts to is that isolated buildings are held by one side or the other, and at times both are in the same building, occupying almost adjacent rooms.

A fact which seems rather extraordinary, considering the number of expert miners on the red side, is that we hear very little of a mine war. Presumably the reason is that military mining, as an art, was not deeply studied in the old Spanish army, and many trained sappers in that army have transferred their allegiance to the whites. In Franco's forces the energies of these men would be required to maintain the camps and water supplies in back areas, and to prepare entanglements and similar obstacles in front of the fighting line as being more important duties. Moreover, modern sapping and mining, particularly in the rocky country round Madrid, connotes the employment of special tools and machinery, which in all probability General Franco lacks.

NEW LINE OF APPROACH: Along this winding road through the hills of Granada a rebel column was reported to be advancing last week on Malaga, the idea being to co-operate in the attack on the town with the larger force making its way along the coast

DUG IN AT ARAVACA: Insurgent troops ensconced in a new line of trenches after capturing this township Madrid so far reached and held. General Franco has been greatly handicapped in his advance on the draw men he could ill spare and send them to other parts of the country to strengthen weak key fighting since the outbreak of hostilities, being an important case in point. It is felt that the decisive

MONTHS OF CIVIL STRIFE

New Pictures from the Aragon and Malaga Fronts

DEFENDING A GOVERNMENT POSITION: A field gun with its muzzle pointed through a breach in a sandbag parapet. Another scene on the Aragon front where the north-eastern rebel army and the Catalan militia are in opposition though, since winter set in, fighting has been of a desultory character. A *Times* report on February 4 pointed out, however, that greater activity was expected there soon

His strategic dispositions seem to point to a determination to keep the Madrid defender busy on two fronts, namely north-west and south of the capital. Some days ago we heard much of the red successes on the Hill of the Angels, high ground just east of the Getafé aerodrome, but this success was not long lived; and in the southern sector the tide of battle has rolled southwards, and the centre of interest has been transferred to Aranjuez. This town, it must be remembered, is a very important junction of roads and railways at the confluence of the rivers Jarama and Tagus. If General Franco can gain possession of the line of heights east and west of the town of Ocaña, some ten miles south-east of Aranjuez, he would as effectually block communication as if Aranjue was in his possession.

At the end of December there were sign that General Franco intended to launch a big offensive eastward from Talavera and Toledo, his first objective being, in all probability, the town of Tarancon; but to date this has not materialised. Probably

(Continued on page 266)

SPOTTING FOR THE ARTILLERY: A Government volunteer making a periscope inspection of a rebel position in order to provide detailed information to a battery of long-range guns employed in the defence of Madrid. A picture taken in the country to the north of the capital where the insurgent besiegers have not approached so closely as they have on the south

the nearest point to the northern suburbs of capital from this direction as he has had to with- positions, Oviedo, where there has been incessant moment of the Madrid siege is now arriving

WATCHDOGS OF THE AFRICAN COAST: Ships of the French fleet at Casablanca, the port of Morocco on the Atlantic seaboard, where they have been standing by in case of any emergency in Spanish waters just to the north. At the moment the French fleet is stronger than it has been for many years, particularly the Atlantic squadron to which the new 26,500-ton *Dunkerque*—the Republic's first post-war battleship—has been assigned as flagship

China—Russia—Japan

The Triangular Struggle

Continues Its Ever Shifting Course in the Far East

NANKING Government officials deny that the Sian coup has resulted in a rapprochement with the Soviet. From Sian, however, General Yang Fu-cheng has announced by circular telegram that Premier Chiang Kai-shek agreed before his release to the terms dictated by Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. General Yang, who had assisted in the coup, also made this announcement orally to the soldiers and populace of Sian at a great mass meeting called the day after the Premier's departure. Since then, official daily broadcasts from Sian urge the nation to "support the Premier in his positive anti-Japanese policy."

General Yang and Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, with certain other rebellious war-lords, have declared themselves not Communists but willing to join with the red army against Japan. They call their alliance the third party. It is believed that Government may find this third party a face-saving "go-between" in the event of dealings with the Chinese Soviet against which they have been campaigning for six years, and with which at present they refuse to negotiate.

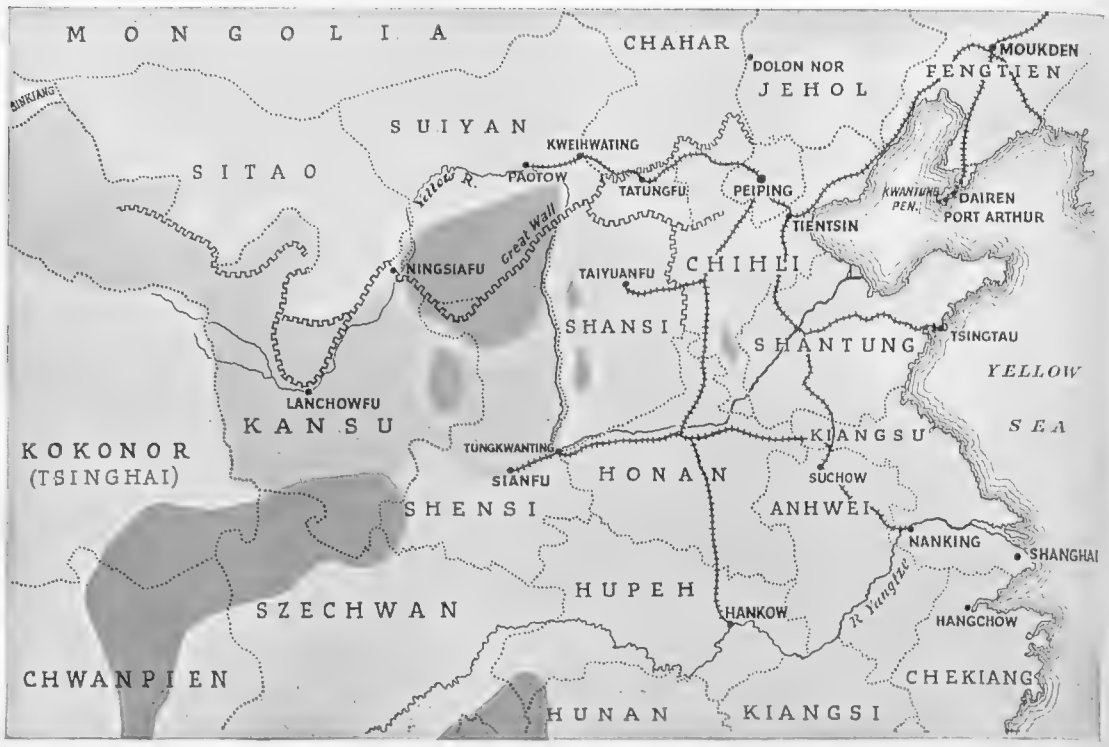
The Communists meantime seem to have accepted rapprochement as an accomplished fact. They assert that the Generalissimo is determined to find "a way of co-operation." Unconfirmed reports say that the red army is gradually spreading itself over Shensi.

IMBIBING NATIONALIST PROPAGANDA: Citizens studying a public notice board setting forth the regulations of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek's "New Life Movement" which has as its basis ancient China's four cardinal virtues: courtesy, service, honesty, and honour

Nanking has been informed that an American Communist, Miss Agnes Smedley (*see* THE SPHERE, January 30) has been in Sian for the past month in company with two Russians. Miss Smedley frequently broadcasts denunciations of American, British, and Japanese capitalists.

Besides the strong Soviet force in Shensi, there are divisions of the red army in Kansu, western Szechuan, and Sinkiang. Loyal Government troops, under General Lu Ta-chang, have pushed the Kansu reds north of the Yellow River, thus preventing their joining forces with their army in Shensi. Determined Chinese Muslim troops have so far prevented their encroaching on Ninghsia, so that at present they remain bottled up in the "panhandle" of Kansu where they fraternise in places with the ex-Manchurian army of Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. British and American missionaries caught in that area say that Kansu is a safer place for foreigners then Shensi.

Chinese Government airplanes flying over Shensi during the past weeks have brought back to Nanking reports of intensive military preparations in the country around Sian. Extensive trenching and other defence works are said to be plainly visible, and heavy troop movements have been observed. This seems to imply fear of Government attack in spite of the confident tone of third party propaganda about a "united front" against Japan.



COMPLICATIONS OF THE CHINESE CHESSBOARD: A sketch map showing (dark shaded area) the territory occupied by the Chinese Soviet-influenced troops, and (lighter shaded area) the territory in which Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang's rebel troops and the forces of the Central Government are disputing possession. These vast areas are at present a thorn in the side of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, the Chinese Premier and Commander-in-Chief, who, while faced with this domestic problem, is unable to concentrate as he would like on dealing with the Japanese problem on the northern border

There is general acceptance of the rumour of Government re-organisation this month (February), as a result of the Sian coup. General Chiang Kai-shek is expected to resign the Premiership but to retain control of the army. In this position he will be, as in 1931–35, "still the strong man of China." As his successor to the post of Premier several persons have been suggested, among whom are Mr. T. V. Soong, President of the Central Bank of China, and Dr. H. H. Kung, present Finance Minister. Both Mr. Soong and Dr. Kung are brothers-in-law of Chiang Kai-shek.

Mr. Soong, who is known to be anti-Japanese, has been credited by Japanese diplomats with having "arranged" the Sian coup in order to force, or seem to force, the Premier into abandoning his anti-Soviet campaign for war on Japan. Since Mr. Soong acted as mediator between captors and captive, the implication is that the scheme was "cooked up" to give the Premier a face-saving excuse for a complete reversal of policy. Fantastic as the idea is, one cannot reject it as wholly untenable, since the Oriental mind works out its problems by circuitous routes.

Another possible candidate for Premier is Mr. Wang Ching-wei who held the post from 1933 until November 1935, when he was seriously wounded by an assassin's bullet. He has just returned to China after a year spent recuperating in Europe. Reputed to be a friend of Japan, he is being vigorously denounced by the Sian broadcasters.

The name of the "Christian General" Feng Yu-hsiang, has been mentioned for a place in the new Government, but of him no man can prophesy. He is known to have received arms and ammunition from Moscow in 1926–7, and is therefore supposed to lean towards Russia, but he has changed allegiances so often that no one ventures to predict his moves.

"When Pai Chung-hsi comes to Nanking we will know that China intends war," said the Japanese a few months ago. Now their Shanghai Embassy spokesman has been "reliably informed" that General Pai will be asked to join the February Government. In the settlement which followed this southerner's rebellion last summer, he was appointed to the Military Affairs Commission of which General Chiang Kai-shek is chairman, but he refused to co-operate until the Government took a strong anti-Japanese stand.

"With ten other important generals," the late rebel "Young Marshal" was received in conference by the Premier two weeks after the Sian incident. It is expected that, as a result of this conference, Chang Hsueh-liang will be re-appointed to his army command in Sian. Certainly the Government's threat to transfer his ex-Manchurian troops to South China has never taken effect. The "Young Marshal," who is reported to be "still firmly insisting on abandonment of anti-Chinese campaigns, and a united front against Japan," has been a "guest" of Mr. T. V. Soong in Nanking.

In spite of the Government's denials, all these indications point toward a stiffening of China's attitude towards Japan as a result of the Sian coup. Under the political intrigues which muddy the surface of Chinese affairs, lies a deep public sentiment against the aggressor from the East. Students, and the intelligentsia generally, share this sentiment with the people, taking the lead with irresponsible cries of "war!"

F. E. Dean

HIGHWAY ORATORY: A Chinese girl student delivering an impassioned speech urging armed opposition against the inroads of Japan. For months past the student class has been taking the lead in the cry for war

WITH THE DENIS-ROOSEVELT EXPEDITION IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA

Sights and Scenes in the Jungle Fastnesses of Ituri and in the Ruanda Native Reserve in the Wilds of the Belgian Congo

JUNGLE MEETING: 6 ft. 3 ins. Armand Denis, explorer and motion picture director, in conversation with 6 ft. 7 ins. King Mwami Rudahigiwa Mutava of Ruanda, gorgeously clad in white robe and elaborate plumed head-dress. A picture taken on the Denis-Roosevelt expedition which has only recently returned to the United States after spending a year and a half largely in the Belgian Congo

LEILA ROOSEVELT, wife of Armand Denis and co-partner in the Belgian Congo Expedition which lasted eighteen months and involved 42,000 miles of travel in the African Continent

AMONG THE LITTLE MEN OF THE ITURI FOREST: Armand Denis admiring tusks obtained by a Congo pigmy after bringing down an elephant with his spear—a feat he accomplished single handed. In the background is one of the expedition's cars

OF THE BLOOD ROYAL: This sister of King Mwami of Ruanda is a characteristic Watussi having little in common with the negroid peoples of Africa

SACRED CATTLE OF RUANDA, whose giant lyre-shaped horns have a spread of nearly 6 ft. and are decorated with tassels, are brought once a year before the king who receives them with every show of ceremony. They belong to the Watussi breed, examples of which came to the London Zoo for the first time last year, and, like other domesticated African and Indian cattle, are derived from the zebu. This stock probably entered Africa by way of Mesopotamia and Egypt in remote times

Drawings by D. Macpherson

Bow Street Now—and Then

Watching the Drama of Life in London's Renowned Police Court

By CHARLES GRAVES

UNDOUBTEDLY the best, free post-graduate course in human nature and psychology is a visit to one of London's fourteen Metropolitan Police Courts. The unrehearsed drama has no equal in the theatre or on the screen. This week I visited Bow Street for the first time in eleven years since I ceased making a professional round of the police courts. The atmosphere was the same, and the changes insignificant. In 1925 prostitutes were invariably fined the maximum of £2. To-day it is often less. The regular police court reporters no longer use flimsies, and the motor car cases are of course more numerous. That seems to be all.

But let us examine Bow Street, doyen of police courts. It saw the first appearance in the dock of Crippen after his arrest following a wireless message; of Smith, of the Brides in the Bath case; it saw the opening chapters of the Charing Cross Bank smash; it saw those treason trials just after the Boer war; Sir Roger Casement was in the dock towards the end of the great war; spy after spy found to his pathetic dismay that for years the Intelligence Department had known all about him; Bottomley had been in the dock there; Chicago May made a brief appearance; Mrs. Meyrick appeared on several occasions; the late Mog the Fireman had over a hundred convictions there for drunkenness—Mog earning her nickname from the famous occasion when during a fire at a theatre she climbed up to the roof and danced around there until the firemen took her down; and of course for weeks the suffragettes held up the work of the court, some sullen and dumb; others screaming, raving and fighting, and even throwing themselves backwards out of the dock.

At Bow Street there are four magistrates including the senior magistrate, Sir Rollo Graham-Campbell, the others being Mr. McKenna, Mr. Fry, and Mr. Dummett. Their salaries aggregate £8,300. There are three chief clerks who earn, I fancy, £3,000 a year. There are fifteen other clerks. There is a chief warrant officer and eight men under him to deal with the summonses; a chief gaoler with seven men under him; six ushers; an office keeper; fifteen to twenty clerks and shorthand typists; an assistant gaoler who stands beside the prisoner; another assistant gaoler to take the prisoner if sentenced to the gaoler's office; a probation officer and a woman probation officer; and a number of constables to keep order inside the Court and outside the main entrance. At a shrewd guess their total salaries amount to something over £20,000 a year; but Bow Street is one of the few police courts which pay their way. Even with the addition of another £5,000 a year for light, heat, and general upkeep, the fines must bring in a bigger revenue than this.

On an average there are eighty to a hundred motorists fined every day, the percentage of acquittals being meagre in the extreme. This is largely due to the fact that there is little doubt under the existing laws that the motorist is in the wrong. With speeding offences, the policeman's stop watch is accepted as indisputable evidence. So, too, is the evidence with regard to causing obstruction in various streets. It is a very brief ritual. If the defendant is in court he is told to stand in front of the dock. Many of you probably know the procedure thereafter. "Guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty." A policeman then says that the car in question was left in a narrow street, reducing the traffic to a single line. "How long was it there?" The answer is anything from thirty-five minutes to two hours. Then the question as to ownership of the car is put and the fine inflicted after the usual, brief, hopeless defence of the driver. On an average these fines are 20s. or 25s. Taking a figure of ninety convictions a day for six days in the week, a formidable aggregate is reached.

But I have begun at the wrong end really. Proceedings begin at half past ten, when the magistrate hears applications. Until three months ago the Press was allowed to attend although the public was excluded. Now they are heard in camera, probably because some people learnt that an application for a warrant had been granted, and absconded before the police arrived. The applications are usually for summonses for assault or maintenance. In my time I have heard any amount of both pathos and comedy during applications. It is only occasionally, however, that members of the public apply for information about lost relatives. The B.B.C. is so much more useful in tracing them nowadays. This assistance was nearly always given. One exception occurred when a South African asked for assistance in tracing his daughter. It transpired, however, that he actually knew where she was, and had only come to the police court in order to bring pressure to bear on the headmistress of her school who objected to his getting into touch with his daughter. You see, the daughter had been left a large sum of money by her mother, and the husband was trying to divert some of it to his own pocket.

BOW STREET IN THE OLD DAYS: The Chief Usher as depicted by D. Macpherson who in his series of drawings on this page, originally published in the *Daily Graphic* of 1906, conjures up the atmosphere of the famous police court, which, as Charles Graves points out in the accompanying article, has changed but little with the passing of the years

Applications seldom last more than half-an-hour. Next come the women, the minor cases being put at the top of the list. On an average there are anything from five to twelve prostitutes, who almost invariably plead guilty and are fined £1 or so, with the alternative of twenty-one days. I do not suppose that more than half-a-dozen a year are acquitted, though first offenders are always referred to the Court missionary and bound over. The rare cases of acquittal are when the defendants do not plead guilty, and produce a husband who claims that he was late for his rendezvous, and that his wife was merely waiting for him. Sometimes it is revealed that the husband is not actually married to the woman at all. But still.

Next come the drunks and those charged with obstruction. The number of them depends on the day of the week. A normal bag for a Monday is forty or fifty. The fines here range from 2s. 6d. to £1, and are handled with great celerity. Minor alien cases, if there are

(*Continued on page 266*)

A MAGISTRATE OF THIRTY YEARS AGO: Mr. Fenwick, once a familiar figure at Bow Street police court where from day to day so many unrehearsed dramas of real life are enacted

SIR ALBERT DE RUTZEN, who died in the year before the war, was in his day well known to thousands of Londoners. In 1901 he became Chief Magistrate of Metropolitan Police Courts

"SCIPIO AFRICANUS": A ROMAN EPIC FILMED

The Duce Assists in the Making of a Punic War Picture

SPEECH BEFORE BATTLE: Hannibal addresses the army from the tower of his war elephant. An episode from the Italian film, *Scipio Africanus*, which tells the dramatic story of the great Roman Consul's triumph in the second Punic war and of the destruction of Carthaginian power

LOOKING ON THE FIELD OF ZAMA: Mussolini watching the reconstruction of the decisive struggle of 21 centuries ago when the Roman arms triumphed under Scipio and the Consul earned the proud title of Africanus. The Duce has played a big part in the planning of this film, which is dedicated to the glorification of the Fascist Empire

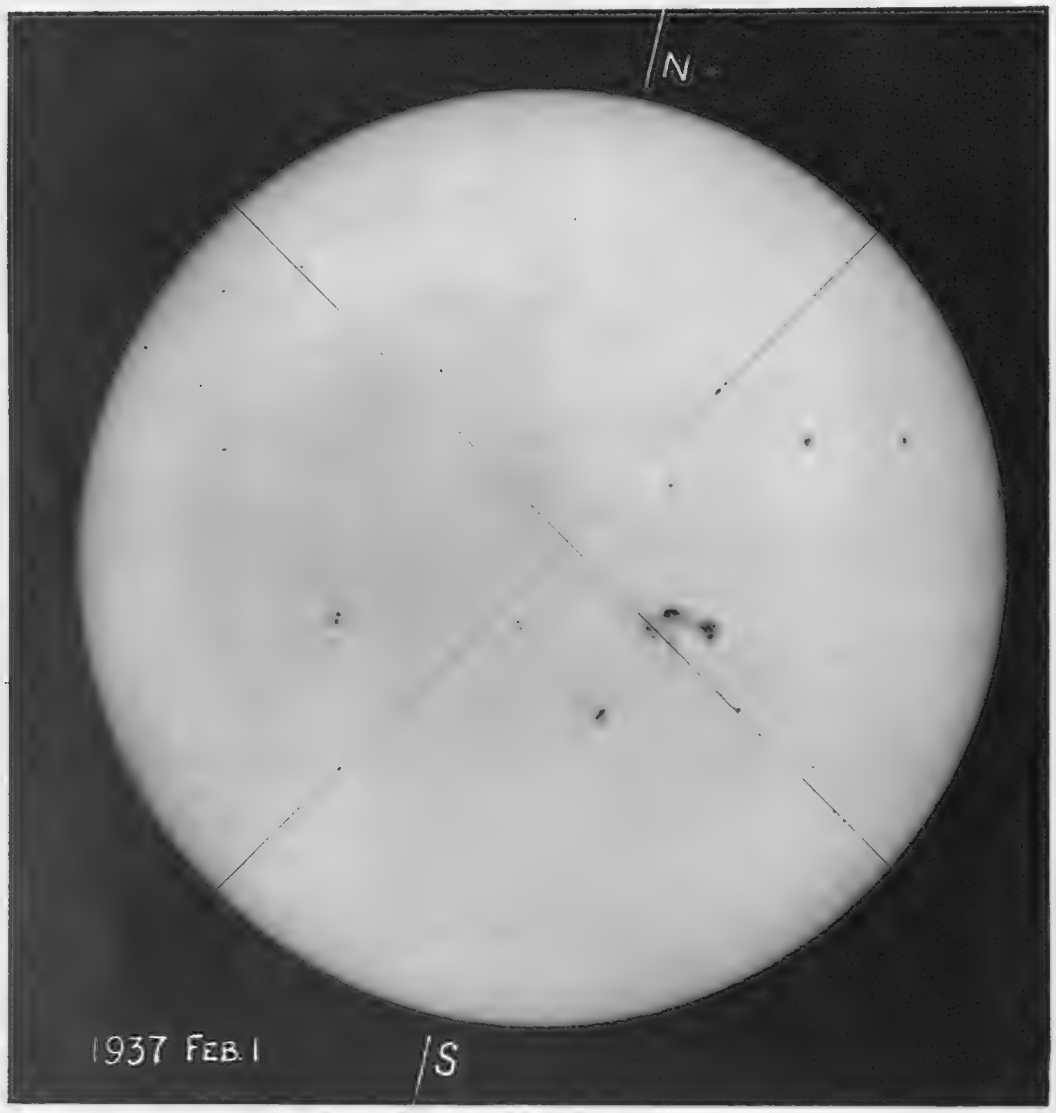
RETURN IN TRIUMPH: A Roman war galley, with torches blazing from its sides, arrives back with the glad tidings that Scipio has prevailed at Zama and the war is over

ITALY will no doubt find the *Scipio Africanus* film well suited to its present mood, especially since the directors of the picture have been careful in their choice of episodes. This has been deemed necessary as the great Consul, loved and revered as he was by the soldiery, was not always a model citizen, his fondness for lavish display, his nepotism, his corruption of the public spirit by largesses, and his assumption of personal superiority to the common law, weighing against his undoubted bravery, inspiration, and magnanimity towards his fallen foe.

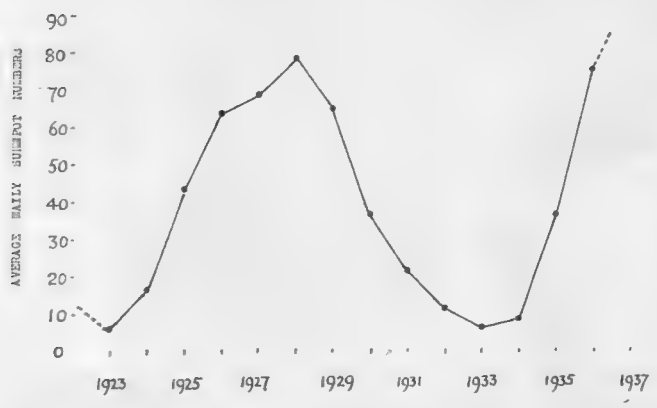
THE ROMAN FLEET SETS OUT FROM SICILY carrying in its war galleys the flower of Roman manhood determined to effect a landing in Africa and crush for ever the power of Carthage, age-old rival for supremacy in the Mediterranean. The picture has been prepared on the most lavish scale and, quite apart from its obvious propaganda element, is intended to show the technical excellence attainable by the Italian film industry which is being fostered by the State

1937 : A YEAR OF INTENSE SOLAR ACTIVITY

A Giant Sunspot Suddenly Makes Its Appearance on the Sun's Disc



THE SUN ON FEBRUARY 1: A picture taken at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, showing the giant sunspot which was clearly visible without the use of a telescope, and other spots of smaller dimensions, all evidencing the present extremely active state of the sun



TAKING THE SUN'S PULSE: This is the latest portion of the solar activity chart which has been kept ever since sunspots were first observed with the telescope. The chart shows the waxing and waning of sunspots and the peak period now approaching

The sun in its present active state, with the frequent appearance of giant sunspots and associated phenomena, is a subject of great interest not only to astronomers but to radio engineers who are taking advantage of the approaching peak period to test out the relationships that appear to exist between special forms of solar activity and disturbed conditions in the ionised reflecting layers of the earth's atmosphere concerned with radio transmission. Needless to say the result of these researches may be of very direct public benefit. It is already established that the frequency of magnetic storms on the earth varies in accordance with the eleven-year sunspot cycle.

ASTRONOMY FOR ALL: An aerial view of the Griffith Observatory and Hall of Science which has just been built in the mountains overlooking Hollywood and, interestingly enough, is intended for public education and pleasure rather than for purely scientific usage. Even so its scientific equipment ranks with the world's finest and includes a planetarium, a 12-inch refracting telescope, a 50 ft. model of the moon, and a room full of exhibits calculated to promote astronomical knowledge

Bulgaria and Yugoslavia Bury the Hatchet

Two Balkan States Sign a Pact of Perpetual Peace and Thereby make a Contribution to European Stability

THE Pact of Inviolable Peace and Perpetual Friendship which has just been signed at Belgrade by M. Stoyadinovitch, the Yugoslav Premier, and M. Kiosseivanov, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, is an event of historic importance.

The burying of the hatchet between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria—which means the ending of the old Serbo-Bulgarian vendetta which began in the eighties of the last century—is the most important step towards Balkan unity since the Greeks and Turks ended their historic quarrel a few years ago.

To the Yugoslavs it is of great importance, because it means that in place of an enemy on their southern border they now have a friend, and also because it signifies the end of the Macedo-Bulgarian agitation which ever since the war had embittered the relations between the two neighbours.

It is likewise of great importance to Bulgaria, because that country now no longer feels itself to be encircled by the other Balkan States. Hitherto Bulgaria—an ex-enemy State, with revisionist claims upon three members of the Balkan Pact Group, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Greece—felt herself to be encircled by those Powers. With the Treaty of Friendship with Yugoslavia she feels that the encirclement has now been broken.

The movement towards a rapprochement between these two South Slav countries began in 1934 when King Alexander of Yugoslavia and King Boris of Bulgaria visited each other, amidst the genuine enthusiasm of their respective peoples, both of whom had grown weary of the fifty years old feud.

It has now culminated in the Pact of Friendship and Peace just signed between the two countries.

This move towards Balkan unity has been the result of both an internal and an external impetus. Internally in the Balkans the Balkan peoples have felt the natural urge to come into closer harmony and co-operation; and in this they have but been obeying the dictates of geography and political logic. The external impetus has come from the realisation that Europe generally presents an alarming picture these days, and holds for the smaller States the menace of the penetration of some of the Great Powers.

Thus, it has been borne upon the Balkan peoples that the old Gladstonian slogan of "the Balkans for the Balkan peoples" is now as much a matter practical politics as of political idealism.

At all events, with the Yugoslav–Bulgarian Pact, the Greco–Turkish Pact, the Bulgarian–Turkish Pact, and the Balkan Pact (Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey), and the possibility of pacts between Bulgaria and Rumania and Bulgaria and Greece similar to the Yugoslav–Bulgarian Pact, it does seem that now, after long years of strife, the Balkan peoples are of their own initiative settling their own differences and presenting a potentially united front to the outside world.

This, in the view of the British Government, can but be an important factor in the maintenance of European peace. Hence, the British Government has given its special blessing to the pact between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria (both of which States are decidedly anglophil).

Two things stand out in the story of the move towards Yugoslav-Bulgarian friendship:—

The enlightened statesmanship at Belgrade which led the Yugoslav Government to be the first to terminate the isolation of Bulgaria; and the courageous decision at Sofia which caused the Bulgarian Government to liquidate the Macedo-Bulgarian Revolutionary Organisation, the terrorist activities of which had hitherto been the main obstacle to a rapprochement between Bulgaria and her Yugoslav neighbour.

I, myself, have vivid personal memories of those early post-war days in the Balkans, when hatred and distrust between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria were inflamed by the Macedonian terrorists.

The effect of activities of this terrorist group—known formally as "I.M.R.O.," or Macedonian Internal Revolutionary Organisation—was not only to embitter Yugoslav-Bulgarian relations, but also to cause disintegration in Bulgaria. Starting with political ideals—for their original aim was the setting up of an autonomous Macedonia under Bulgarian aegis—they degenerated in the course of time into political bandits and professional assassins.

Now all this is a thing of the past. The I.M.R.O. is no more. Moderate Macedonian leaders in Bulgaria to-day have approved of the Yugoslav-Bulgarian Treaty of Peace and Friendship.

In consequence, conditions on the frontier have greatly improved, and there are now lively hopes that following the psychological improvement brought about by the treaty, an umber of practical improvements will follow.

Both M. Stoyadinovitch, and M. Kiosseivanov—who, incidentally, are close personal friends—are practical idealists. They know that not everything can be done in five minutes, but that given time and patience and good will on both sides much can be accomplished. They are, moreover, encouraged by the knowledge that the desire for a Yugoslav-Bulgarian rapprochement is not only a matter of Kings and Governments, important though that is, but that it is also a matter of the genuine desire of two peoples who have much in common and whose separation over the years has been due to past animosities which both feel should now be forgotten.

C. F. Melville

STORM IN THE WESTERN OCEAN —ICE IN THE NORTHERN SEAS

SHIPPING'S WILD WINTER: A giant wave breaking over the 16,500-ton Red Star liner *Westernland* in mid-Atlantic during a recent stormy crossing from New York to Southampton. In the past few weeks weather conditions have seriously delayed vessels, and even the largest vessels have had to slow up considerably in order to save their passengers undue discomfort in the mountainous seas. The number of ships wrecked has also been formidable

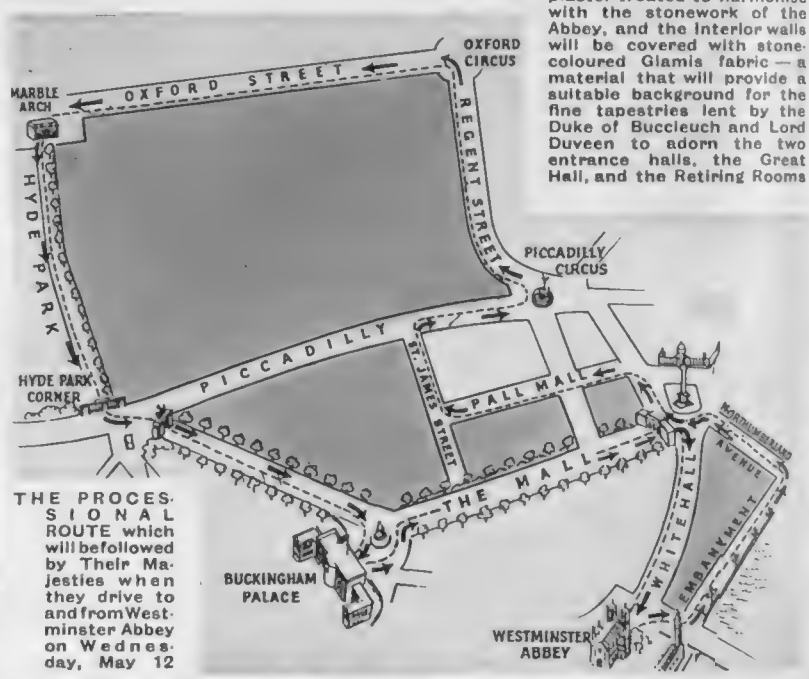
MAROONED IN THE GREAT BELT: A ferry steamer of the Danish railways inter-island service held fast in the ice's steely grip when making the 20-mile sea crossing from Zealand, on which Copenhagen stands, to Nyborg on the island of Funen. Intense cold has been prevailing in this part of Scandinavia during the past fortnight, and as a result communications have been seriously dislocated, particularly in the all-important coastwise trade

OFFICIAL PREPARATIONS for the CORONATION

Arrangements Well Advanced With Still Three Months To Go

On left—THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY ANNEXE with its separate entrances, one for the King and Queen and the other for the peers and peeresses, has been designed by Sir James West, C.B.E., F.R.I.B.A., and this sectional drawing, specially made for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson, shows how it will appear when completed. On the façade will be heraldic beasts carrying the arms of the United Kingdom and the Dominions, while the porte-cochère provided at previous coronations will be replaced by a canopy enriched with royal heraldic devices. The building will be constructed of steel framing and wood infilling finished externally in plaster treated to harmonise with the stonework of the Abbey, and the interior walls will be covered with stone-coloured Glamis fabric — a material that will provide a suitable background for the fine tapestries lent by the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Duveen to adorn the two entrance halls, the Great Hall, and the Retiring Rooms

PREPARING TO TAKE THE STRAIN: Employees of the Office of Works engaged in strengthening the suspension bridge over St. James's Park lake in view of the crowds expected to forgather there in Coronation week when it will be an ideal spot from which to view some of London's elaborate flood-lighting effects



THE PROCESSIONAL ROUTE which will be followed by Their Majesties when they drive to and from Westminster Abbey on Wednesday, May 12

HOW THE MALL WILL LOOK ON THE GREAT DAY: The masts, to be erected at intervals of about 50 ft., will each support two banners emblazoned with the Royal arms and will each be surmounted by a gilded and painted Imperial Crown and Lion. At the beginning and end of the processional way the decorative scheme will be blue and gold, while in the centre white and gold will be substituted. The stands at this point, as also in Constitution Hill and Hyde Park, will be covered with fabric to form attractive grouped schemes of blue and red

ONLY JUST: All peers over ten will be entitled to attend the Coronation ceremony, and the youngest of them will be Lord Montagu of Beaulieu who attained the requisite age last October. This picture was taken at his Hampshire home

LONDON'S FIRE-FIGHTERS AND THEIR APPLIANCES

A New Series of Pictures Taken Specially for "The Sphere"—The Increasing Use of Breathing Apparatus

ENTERING A SMOKE-FILLED BASEMENT: Members of the London Fire Brigade equipped with respirators when fighting a fire on domestic property. They are wearing the new type helmet which is made of cork and rubber, is a glossy black, and is designed to give much greater protection to the wearer against falling bricks and debris. As it is made of non-conducting materials the risk of receiving severe electric shocks is considerably reduced. *On right*—Close-up of breathing apparatus of the self-contained oxygen type. The Brigade now has 107 sets of these

The work of London's Fire Brigade and the modern appliances it employs are illustrated in the accompanying pictures which have been specially taken for "The Sphere" by William Davis. "At the beginning of the present century," wrote Major C. C. B. Morris in a recent article in *The Engineer*, "ninety-six fire stations with horse-drawn appliances were necessary for the protection of London. This provided a service which ensured a life-saving appliance being on the spot within five minutes of the receipt of a call in any part of the Metropolis, and the mustering of 100 men at any large fire within fifteen minutes. Since then a progressive reduction in the number of stations has been effected, and it is largely due to the skill of mechanical engineers in the development of appliances, that, in spite of modern traffic, it is possible to provide a quicker and more efficient service with about sixty stations. When, in 1919, it was decided to introduce a two-shift system in place of continuous duty in the Brigade it was possible, in view of the substitution of mechanical traction for horse-drawn vehicles, to limit the increase of staff to about 50 per cent."

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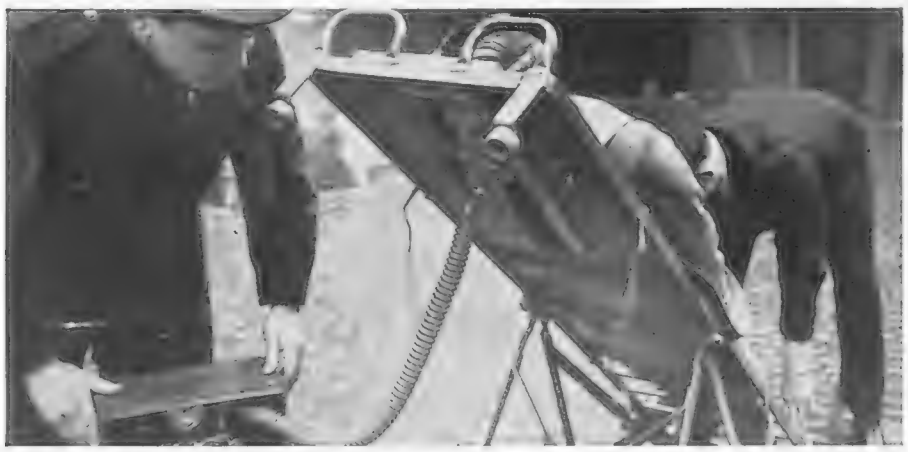
LONDON'S FIRE-FIGHTERS AND THEIR APPLIANCES

THE LAST WORD: This new design of hose-lorry, with roller-shutter sliding doors, has just been put into commission by the London Fire Brigade and typifies the modern equipment of this efficient force. It carries eighty-four lengths of hose, and the stowage arrangements are such that it can proceed along the road at a speed of 20 m.p.h. laying behind it either a single line or twin lines of hose with all lengths coupled together

THE HOSE-LAYING LORRY AT WORK: The car proceeding down a road and laying behind it a twin line of hosepiping. Firemen stand on the footboards on each side in order to superintend operations

On right—THE METHOD OF STOWAGE employed in the hose-laying lorry. A side elevation of the new vehicle



THE ROCKING RESUSCITATION STRETCHER is another modern appliance used by the Brigade. As shown in the two pictures above the patient suffering from asphyxiation is securely strapped to the stretcher with his face jutting through an aperture and his mouth fitted to tubing connecting with the oxygen supply. He is then rocked until regaining consciousness

IN ORDER TO INCREASE THE PRESSURE, and so make it possible for efficient jets to be discharged on to the fire, suction pipes take the water from a collapsible reservoir and supply it to the fire-engine pumps, which in turn re-distribute the water to the hoses, only this time at

READY FOR ACTION: Another impression of the new hose-laying lorry showing the enclosed driver's cab. The body and stowing arrangements of the appliance were designed by the engineering staff of the Brigade

pressures up to 200 lb. per square inch. The London Fire Brigade possesses seventy-three motor-pumps, including eleven of the enclosed type, and has altogether 56 miles of hose. The latter is of a standard diameter of $2\frac{3}{4}$ ins. and is manufactured of the best long, clean flax, diagonally woven in 100-ft. lengths

Special "Sphere" pictures by William Davis

THE EMERGENCY TENDER in which respirators, resuscitating apparatus, electric floodlighting equipment, oxy-acetylene cutting plant, drills, and pistol rockets, are taken to the scene of an outbreak. Slings and tackle for dealing with lift accidents are also carried. London at the moment has two of these emergency tenders and they are present at all big fires

DRIFTING TIMBER MENACES AN INDIANA RAILROAD BRIDGE

Scenes in America's Flood-Devastated Area Where So Many Thousands Have Been Rendered Homeless

NATURE'S BATTERING RAM: This remarkable picture evidencing the immensely serious nature of the floods in the Ohio valley shows the railroad bridge at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, with its track completely under water, and its steel superstructure menaced by a huge jam of débris borne downstream on the swollen Ohio river. The débris included an oil-tank ripped from its moorings and a mass of timber which at once set up a tremendous pressure which it was feared would severely damage the bridge. At the beginning of this week it was reported that the floods had subsided slightly and that the dykes of the Lower Mississippi were still holding, but the situation was still serious, at least 120,000 volunteers being engaged in strengthening the river defences

AFLOAT ON A WASTE OF WATERS: These two farmers rescued some of their belongings by hastily improvising a raft of empty oil-drums, on which, accompanied by their dog, they drifted towards dry land. A picture taken recently near Nashville, in the great valley of the Cumberland, a 600-mile long river, which has been swollen to many times its normal size, and has not only flooded large areas in its own drainage basin in Kentucky and Tennessee, driving thousands of people from their homes, but has contributed to the unprecedented rise in the Ohio into which it flows some sixty miles above the latter's confluence with the mighty Mississippi

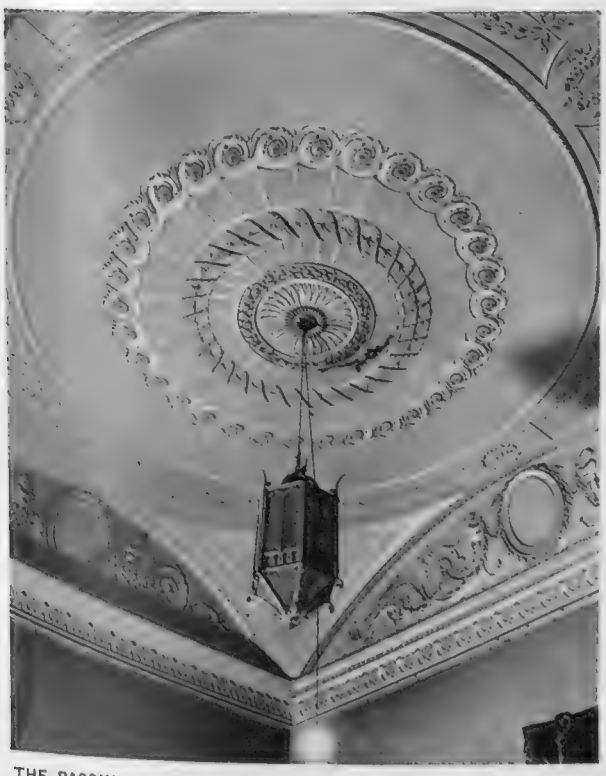
HERE LONDON'S INTELLIGENTSIA GATHERED

The Homes of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Joseph Banks Doomed to Demolition

HOME OF A MASTER PORTRAITIST: The hall of No. 47, Leicester Square, the house which once belonged to Reynolds, and is now to be demolished under a development scheme

LOOKING DOWN THE STAIRWAY OF NO. 47 to Sir Joshua's drawing-room, which latterly has been employed as one of Puttick and Simpson's sale-rooms. Two of the three convex doors, which give the landing such an elegant effect, are merely dummies. The artist purchased the premises for £1,650 and spent £1,500 more on alterations, adding a gallery and painting-rooms for himself and his assistants

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY RENDEZVOUS: In Sir Joshua Reynolds's day this was the dining-room of No. 47, Leicester Square, the house which the great artist purchased in 1760, and where he entertained a large circle of friends, including such notabilities as Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Burke. Of recent years the place has been occupied by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, the fine-art auctioneers



THE PASSING OF No. 32, SOHO SQUARE: Two specially taken "Sphere" pictures of the interior of what is regarded as one of the finest Adam houses in London, but which is soon to resound to the pick of the housebreaker. *Left*—The richly detailed and finely proportioned ceiling of the Council Chamber; the room Robert Adam designed for Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist and President of the Royal Society, and which in the eighteenth century gained fame as the meeting place for members of learned societies. *Right*—The staircase decorated in a similar style to that employed by Hogarth in Sir James Thornhill's house in Dean Street. Most of the architectural features of No. 32, including mantelpieces, panelling, and ceilings, have now been sold at auction, and fortunately they are so constructed that to skilled workers their removal is a comparatively easy matter. It is to be hoped they will be preserved in worthy settings

PIONEER OF BRITISH FILMS: Michael Balcon, seen here with his wife and son, was recently appointed producer-in-chief of M.G.M. which is to make pictures in England. In the past twelve years he has produced or directed over 250 films

POLA NEGRI'S COME-BACK: The popular star of the silent days as she appears with Paul Hartmann in *Mazurka*, Willi Forst's latest film which was presented on Tuesday last at the Curzon, Mayfair. The picture is based on a famous trial

THE BOAT TRAIN LEAVES: Victoria Station is the setting for this highly realistic scene in *The Orchard Walls*—the play by Merton Hodge which was taken off last Saturday evening after a disappointingly short run at the St. James's

ROMANCE IN THE BAR: Jack Melford and Marjorie Mars in the sparkling comedy *Behind Your Back* (once called *Front of the House*) which is at the Strand and, among other things, depicts the anxieties and emotions of a manager on one of the last nights in the run of a far from successful play

DRAMA OF THE WEEK

The Failure of a Handsomely Produced and Well Acted Play : Cochran Provides First-Rate Entertainment

By PHILIP PAGE

WITH the somewhat inauspicious label that it is "from the Hungarian," a serious comedy of thwarted love made its dignified appearance at the St. James's last week.

The Orchard Walls had been adapted by Merton Hodge and possibly on that account possessed some literary distinction, moving for the most part agreeably, if slowly. But I cannot help wondering why that group of not very interesting people should have made the long journey from Budapest, and why Dr. Hodge, who has written at least one first-rate play on his own account, should have troubled to be their conductor.

They have been Anglicised. The girl is the daughter of an obstetric surgeon and his garrulous wife, who live in the prettiest house Mr. Aubrey Hammond (whose scenery is admirable) has ever shown us. She is going to motor to London with the nice penniless young man she says she loves; but at the last moment she tells him she is going to marry a plump but rich peer who makes rubber hot-water bottles. The young man does not take to drink but to the girl's girl friend, who has enough money to marry on.

The remainder of the play is mostly occupied by the question of whether both these marriages shall come unstuck so that the girl can marry the young man of the projected motor-trip. She is about to bolt from her peer when it is revealed that a baby is on the way—not her way, but her girl friend's way—and so Noble Renunciation is her course. Since she had behaved pretty badly to nearly everyone, particularly her husband, I think the youth was well out of it.

There was an epilogue in which, years later, they sighed for what might have been. I could not believe a word of that.

Which is, probably, the reason why this handsomely produced and well-acted play disappointed—its characters rarely behaved like credible human beings.

"Home and Beauty."—No more than I could believe in the characters of the above play do I believe Mr. C. B. Cochran's statement that *Home and Beauty* at the Adelphi will be his last revue. I will temper the risk of Mr. Cochran's giving me a sock on the jaw for calling him a liar by saying I do not want to believe it.

For this revue is so entertaining that it would be tantalising to realise that it is never to have a successor out of the same stable. And when Mr. Cochran looks at his box-office receipts (if ever he does such a sordid thing) I fancy he will decide to keep on going while the going is good.

Home and Beauty is described as a Coronation revue. But I suggest, with all due loyalty, that its national and patriotic aspect is the least important thing about it. Patriotic displays on the stage are awkward things to tackle, whether in a sophisticated revue libretto by Mr. A. P. Herbert (who is at the top of his game in this one) or in the more crude form of vocal sailors against a back-cloth of Union Jacks.

When the elderly peer in whose country house the whole revue is supposed to take place is merely the genial host, all is well. When he, apparently, dreams that one of his medieval tapestries has come to life and a King of England, *circa* 1400, is being crowned, the fantasy does not quite come off though it is tactfully arranged and Mr. Norman Williams sings superbly. But the sentiments are laudable in the extreme and I will leave it at that.

Home and Beauty has more important assets, notably Mlle Gitta Alpar, who is hardly a home product. But she performs vocal fireworks with astonishing fluency, just as Messrs. Rawicz and Landauer (neither, I suspect, a home bird) look after the pyrotechnical business on a couple of grand pianos. But in that astonishingly cosmopolitan house party is Mr. Nelson Keys—or lots and lots of Messrs. Nelson Keyses. I preferred the one dressed as a pin-headed M.F.H. with a laugh of imbecile heartiness. Another Mr. Keys in the guise of a sneezing multi-millionaire whose one pair of braces had gone astray was even more brilliantly amazing. What a supreme artiste the man is! And how astonishing it is that there have actually been successful London revues without him! But not very many. He has indispensability stamped on him with indelible ink.

Miss Binnie Hale is equally dazzling. I always knew she could sing a bit and now know that she can sing a lot, for in competition with bona-fide primadonnadom she more than held her own. Moreover, she can rival Mr. Keys in burlesque and in fun generally. And in this revue there are masses of fun, to which that fine comedienne and excellent actress, Miss Nora Howard, plentifully contributes.

"On Your Toes."—This astonishing musical comedy, which was the rage of New York, probably sounds from its title as if it were a member of that brainless but attractive family of musical shows in which gyrate Mr. Fred Astaire and the lissom Miss Ginger Rogers. In point of fact it is nothing of the kind; it is probably the most subtly amusing entertainment the Palace Theatre has housed since the Arthur Wimperis–Hermann Finck revues of ever so many years ago. It is a "back-stage" affair, but, tired as I am of such affairs, I never for an instant grew tired of this one.

The musical aspect is important, not only *qua* the actual music heard (which isn't so bad but isn't so very good) but because music-making is an integral part of the plot. Let not prospective visitors be headed off by any fear lest technicalities bristle. There is enough of serious musical point, treated by no means seriously, to tickle the expert but not so much that the non-expert will be flummoxed. And to hear a musical comedy chorus sing a number entitled "Bach, Beethoven, Brahms" as if they were singing "Three Blind Mice" brought joy at any rate to my heart.

Then there is the burlesque of a ballet—a really exquisite piece of fooling because it was so very near the real thing. I have had hard words to say about burlesque dancing recently, nor do I retract them. But there is all the difference in the world between an alleged comedian trying to be funny in a ballet skirt and the production of a whole ballet of the *Scheherazade* type which is so subtle in its methods that not for a little time does one realise that it is intended to be ridiculous (which, between you and me, the majority of ballets are, without intending to be). The people performing in it are fine dancers, and I applaud their remarkable cleverness in making just the right sort of mistake at the right time—I suspect, a difficult job. All this was accompanied by dud Rimsky-Korsakoff of most diverting dudness.

That scene was the apex of the whole story and came about because an ex-music-hall tap-dancer became a serious music teacher and persuaded a ballet impresario (obviously the late Serge Diaghileff — a kindly caricature) to produce a work written by one of his pupils. That brought him into contact with an exotic and glamorous *prima ballerina*, with animal passions strongly developed.

A real *prima ballerina* is usually an honest and muscular creature whose principal passion is, and has to be, hard work. But no matter, the fiction variety is to be preferred in musical-comedy circumstances, particularly when the part is played exotically and glamorously by Miss Vera Zorina, a beauteous creature and quite a good dancer too. The music-teacher, in the person of Mr. Jack Whiting, who in appearance is a combination of a very royal duke and the afore-mentioned Mr. Astaire, can also dance, and act a bit, and be pleasantly amusing generally. Miss Gina Malo bubbles with vitality as the girl he really loves. Miss Olive Blakeney has the best lines in the play and the best part she has had for years. Some of those lines, by the way, are not merely near the knuckle, they *are* the knuckle.

The chorus is used as choruses should be used—i.e., to illustrate situations and not just to fill in the gaps with grins and leg displays.

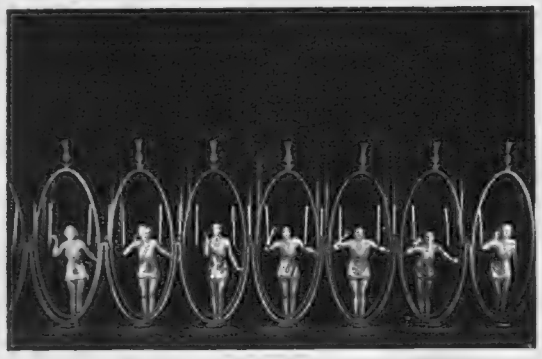
A very, very clever entertainment this, with humour of an original flavour.

"A Night Alone."—*A Night Alone* is not the best of the many plays produced at the Embassy Theatre; but it is far from being the worst—and the standard is high. Here is an oldish yarn in a new dress. Mr. Richard Bird, whose methods are very slick and up-to-date and who specialises cleverly in humorous distress, makes that dress seem even newer than it is.

In my salad days such a part would have been played (and often was) by the late Weedon Grossmith or the late Jimmie Welch. Mr. Bird has many of the qualities of those fine actors, with the possible exception of their pathos. However, there is nothing particularly sad in this play, for the situation of a respectable young man lying drunk in the flat of a pretty girl clad as one sees the mannequins in the advertisements of ladies' underclothes is, though unenviable by reason of missed opportunity, hardly pathetic. I would, by the way, add Mr. Bird to my small list of actors who can simulate drunkenness without being either tedious or offensive or both.

OPENING SCENE—RECEPTION IN THE HALL OF MULBERRY MOAT

NELSON KEYS—FOXHUNTER



"DRESSING FOR DINNER"

TAPESTRY COMES TO LIFE

SINGING IN THE BATHROOM

A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

PRECOCITY IN THE NURSERY

In the Gymnasium

Twilight Sonata

SCENES FROM "HOME AND BEAUTY"—COCHRAN'S CORONATION REVUE

"HOME AND BEAUTY"

The Theme of the Coronation Revue Described in Brief by a "First Nighter"

Scene 1: The Hall at Mulberry Moat.—The curtains parting, and going up, a country house lounge of Fonthill proportions revealed; gigantic curved staircase in white; colossal Figaro window in red to right. Programme says *Friday late afternoon*. An English week-end in Coronation year is beginning. Hostess, eldest son, and boys welcome guests. Enter Gitta Alpar, skirt very tight round the knees, (neighbour in stalls says, Oh look! there's Binnie Hale, splendid make-up), Gitta sings a great song, archly. And soon Binnie Hale does enter—rival American songstress. Binnie sings too—at Gitta—very cleverly. Eldest son has composed two songs "England's Awake" and "Sleep Little Island" and there seems to be some kind of musical plot to catch out the Prime Minister.

Scene 2: The Lost Fox.—White close-up with view of country through window. Nelson Keys as M.F.H. (Sir James Malcolm—dangerous, this) describes motorised hunt to hostess. Yes—yes—yes—what—what—what, "You haven't got a fox in the house?" No—no—no. Treasure, the butler, says they have only half a tongue which he brings in on silver salver. Both thrown to the pack. "What—what—what."

Scene 3: Dressing for Dinner *(same evening)*, says the programme. Eight beautiful young ladies in cami-knicks (peach, satin. Hermine, Ltd.). They go in and out of silver arches and flapping mirrors; eight young men appear: adjust ties. Girls reappear green dresses and finally with purple over-net. (Oh, how lovely—stalls). Song, "Less to Do, but More to Show."

Scene 4: Small Dining-room—"Pass the Port" *(same evening)*.—A revel of very old gentlemen of the house party, who are such venerable monuments that they dine alone (old Mulberry Moat custom), Nelson K. crawls under table to seat. Scoffs at spartan health methods. "Bottle of port at breakfast, my boy." "My grandfather died at ninety-nine, and three days afterwards he looked better than you do." Good song.

Scene 5: Bedroom Corridor. "Love Me a Little, Lady."—Pale grey steel walls with scarlet doors (in new wing of Mulberry Moat). (*Same night*.) Young people vanish on appearance of Countess.

Scene 6: Julika Kadar's Bedroom (*same night*).—Gitta's room bulges with décor, all smoke-grey, but she lacks the home touch. Personal suite produce hangings, etc. Gitta appears in irresistible crinkly white boots, and all sing.

Scene 7: The Kitchen. "A Nice Cup of Tea." (*Saturday morning, 11 a.m.*)—Kitchen scene: clever back cloth, table; cook, maids, and men-servants are enjoying "elevenses." Plumber (Nelson) and his mate slip down to borrow, but really to imbibe "a cuppa tea." Binnie as Sarah. An easy, catchy song.

Scene 8: A Corridor Souvenir.—Maid and butler. Well, well; guest's braces.

Scene 9: Financier's Dressing-room. Big Business (*late afternoon*).—Sir Lazarus, who is evidently dressing very early for dinner, misses his braces; dangerous trousers; roars (as always). It may have been Nelson Keys, but it just is a Jewish financier with a terrible cold, who sells out British Industries the moment he learns that—— But this is scandal.

Scene 10: The Tapestry Room. "Sing, Royal Harp."—Portly gentlemen in evening dress with boy and harp (O David) it should have been a cornet. The portly one sings from the shadows that the Parliament is more than Prince, yet the King is a King—(the Constitution in brief) very proper for the coronation scene which follows—tapestried setting—long line of slouching ladies of the court—tapered head-dresses precede the putting on of crown with huge fleur-de-lys (temp. Henry IV or circa.)

Scene 11: A Corridor *(Evening)*.—A younger son seeks an autograph from Sir Venerable. "What—Sir James Barrie—you should get Harry Lauder—he's twice a night."

Scene 12: Outside a Bathroom introduces

Scene 13: The Bathroom.—Great applause Binnie in a bath. Gitta bursts in—they begin singing against one another, fragments of opera, very clever, and Binnie rises (with bath-wrap) to meet the challenge of the intruder, amusing vocal battle.

Scene 14: A Corridor, Mother used to Matter.—Countess (Norah Howard, V.G.) and son exchange confidences. "They think I keep a free hotel—flying before they have grown their wings."

Scene 15: Dinner is Served introduces

Scene 16: The Mad Dinner Party (as programme), packed dining-room—slender columns. Earl, Countess, and scores of guests. "The toast is: His Majesty the King" we, the real audience remain seated. The Raffish Ambassador speaks—Nelson in a very guileful beard. The rival songs reappear. The two ladies leap on the table—very nimbly done. The Prime Minister from Slackers is expected and momentarily appears in silhouette as the tabs blot out the view for the interval.

(Continued on page 272)

JOHN MILTON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY: This half-length portrait of the great poet by Cornelius Janssen is one of a number of striking oil paintings belonging to Lord Aldenham which are to be put up for auction at Sotheby's on Wednesday, February 24. The artist, who is believed by some to have been born in London, worked at first in the Netherlands but came to England in 1618, meeting with such flattering encouragement that he decided to settle here. He is known to have painted Milton three times, but one of the canvases has now disappeared

Gems of the Aldenham Art Collection

Shortly to be Dispersed in London

On left—PHILIP, BROTHER OF PETER PAUL RUBENS: A masterly Van Dyck portrait, in the Aldenham collection, typifying the artist's early period when he worked in Rubens' studio as an assistant and was greatly influenced by him. The delicate portrayal of the sitter's hand is characteristic of Van Dyck

On right—EDWARD VI, BY GUILLIM STREETES: This study of the ill-starred boy king was formerly in the possession of the Cokaynes, of Rushton Hall, Northampton. It has often been exhibited in London

LAMBING TIME IN RURAL ENGLAND: Now that February is here the lambs are appearing in increasing numbers, but snow, particularly in the Midlands and the North, has caused farmers some anxiety. The black-faced variety shown in this picture is, however, very robust and hardy, enduring the rigours of a severe winter when sheep of most other breeds would suffer

John Topham

PLOUGHING THE UPLAND FIELD: Three horses being employed on a farm at Darenth, Kent, to ease the task of ploughing a rather steep slope. The ground was being prepared prior to the planting of some early-cropping beans

Douglas West

"DREAD WINTER SPREADS HIS LATEST GLOOMS": As afternoon turns to evening on the Suffolk marshes, the dying February sun gleams wanly through the clouds, and misty vapours overhang the low-lying land

ERMINE AND VELVET

★ ★ ★

Glowing with colour, sparkling with jewels, made magnificent by long ages of tradition, wonderful indeed will be the scene in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

The Earl Marshal has decreed that peeresses shall wear a kirtle and train of crimson velvet bordered and caped with miniver, the lady's rank being indicated by the length of her train and the number of bars powdering her cape.

The robe photographed here and the beautiful dress worn beneath it come from Harrods, of Knightsbridge. The dress is of white broché satin embroidered with gold lamé and diamanté, cut without a waistline, but with a softly draped neck and a curved short train.

Tradition Governs the Gowns for the Coronation

★ ★ ★

There are to be two Courts, two Court Balls, and a State Banquet during May. Below is a Court gown of truly regal loveliness, made in satin backed gold lamé, untarnishable and as soft as a petal. Exquisitely cut, it has a softened waistline and a fan-shaped train set in as a panel, while the Court train is of maize coloured chiffon with a shirred border. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W.

Magnificent jewels to blaze against crimson velvet or beneath the lights at Buckingham Palace. The graceful tiara is composed of a succession of diamond loops, each stone brilliant cut, while the necklace is of pearls with four diamond motifs. The brooch, the three bracelets, and the long ear-rings are all set with round and baguette diamonds, each designed with great delicacy in the finest contemporary manner, and each completely individual, for all these jewels come from Hunt and Roskell of 25, Old Bond Street, W., where no design is ever repeated except by special request

Only two things are optional about the Coronation robe. The scalloping of the miniver down the front (this may be straight, although there are indications that few peeresses are likely to wear it so) and the lace at the elbow.

The dress over which the kirtle is worn must be of gold or silver, or of white satin or velvet, any of which may be embroidered.

The kirtle may be worn completely closed or slightly open to reveal a brooch at the waist. The Earl Marshal prefers that a jewel should be worn there rather than a belt.

Bracelets, clips, necklaces, ear-rings, and tiaras will be worn, for the coronet is placed on the head only at the moment when the Queen is crowned.

As a matter of interest, the price of Coronation robes seems to vary from about 50 to 250 guineas.

PERSONALIA

SADDLES SOMETIMES SLIP, so Princess Eugenie of Greece has the girth tightened before setting out for a morning canter in the Row. The Princess is the daughter of Prince George of Greece, a niece of the late King Constantine, and a cousin of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent

DOWN WICKLOW WAY: Lady Hodson, wife of Major Sir Edmond Hodson, of Holybrooke, Bray, watching the annual ploughing match on Lord Powerscourt's estate. Her second son Patrick was born in 1934

MOTHER IS GOING A'HUNTING: Lady Cynthia Williams, only daughter of the Earl of Guilford, took her daughter Juliana to see the hounds when the East Kent hunt met the other day at Waldershare Park, near Dover, the Kentish home of the Guilford family

CHIEF EXECUTIVES MEET: Mohamed Hachin Khan (left), Prime Minister of Afghanistan, who has been in England as guest of the Government, pictured as he arrived at No. 10, Downing Street to have lunch with Mr. Baldwin

"MASTER OF THE KING'S MUSIC": Sir Walford Davies watched by Lady Davies as he worked in his home at Maidenhead arranging the music for the Coronation service on May 12. Sir Walford is a brilliant organist and, in his long career has been organist at the Chapel Royal, Windsor Park, at St. George's, Windsor, and at St. Anne's, Soho

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

IN spite of the American films which flood into this country; in spite of a steady stream of novels, and, to a lesser extent, plays, all dealing with various aspects of American life; in spite of our steady absorption of slang and other figures of speech it is surprising how little the average person in this country really knows about the United States. Not so very long ago the average man's attitude was one of slightly amused indifference, grounded in a very conscious superiority. But we are no longer as secure nor as superior as we were, and there are many in this country who turn a questing eye upon that country of 120,000,000 who are working out their own destiny far removed from the fears which beset a war-threatened Europe to-day.

AMERICAN SCENE (Ivor Nicholson. 7s. 6d.) should therefore be assured of an interested audience, and because Mr. Harry J. Greenwall is not only an accomplished journalist, trained to make a good story of anything from cosmetics to a continent, they will not be disappointed.

Here is a book as vital, as fundamental, as interesting as *Inside Europe*. Incidentally it is better written. "New York is not America," everybody knows that line. "But it is!" protests Mr. Greenwall, "New York, that crazy island, is the shop window of America," and in the most brilliant chapter in his book he proceeds to prove it. "Riding down to the Wall Street section mornings in the none too clean subway are girls, girls, and girls. They are the shorthand typists called stenogs. They are as sharp as whips, keen as knives . . . . they earn about three pounds twelve a week . . . . wear stockings at two and six a pair." The electric sign salesmen affirm that 1,100,000 people filter through Broadway every day. Few people ever see New York's famous sky-line clearly from the river. In the summer its towers are enveloped in a haze; in the winter in fog. Fog? New York's winter fog average is greater than that of London.

There are other chapters in which we are introduced to that America which New York is not, to her great men, past and present, to a survey of her life and habits and a discussion of the future. Much of it is shrewd analysis, all of it is revealing and entertaining. Not a few surprises await those who have pre-conceived ideas about the country, never having been there. It is time, for instance, somebody wrote what is in the chapter entitled "What, No Hustle?" to which I could add a few personal experiences of the Long Island Railroad and of trying to buy a handkerchief in a department store.

Mr. John Steinbeck wrote one of the few good contemporary propaganda novels. It was terse, effective, and essentially American. Now he has written a novel of as different a genre as can well be imagined. It is of the type loosely known as historical, but which the author in this case particularises as "A Life of Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer, with Occasional Reference to History."

CUP OF GOLD (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), accurate or not in its seventeenth-century memories, has its own merits as a thorough-going adventure story. The young Henry Morgan who was born in the Welsh hills, felt the call to the West early, and at the age of fifteen he sailed for the West Indies, only to be sold into slavery on his arrival there. The man who was to be the most feared pirate on all that coast had, even as a boy, remarkable initiative. Within five years, the period of his slavery, he had become indispensable to his master, had been appointed overseer, and had quietly stolen no less than £1,000.

With this he went "a-buccaneering on the sea, in a great ship with guns", and, since he had as much courage and a little more science than his fellow raiders, he was at the end of ten years rich, notorious, and without ambition. He was also, and not surprisingly, friendless. His last great venture, the sacking of the city of Panama, the "Cup of Gold", was done, the author contends, turning his back squarely on history, for love of a woman. The woman escaped him, for she had the wit he lacked, and he sailed back to Jamaica with all the booty, leaving his followers to die of starvation or the Spanish tortures.

It was after this episode of unqualified brutality that the English king decided to knight him and to make him Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica: a move not without shrewdness since he was already the virtual ruler of the place and had a power which the English would have been very embarrassed at that time to dispute. The bare facts of that strange man's life make strange enough reading. It cannot have been a difficult task for a writer of Mr. Steinbeck's order to supply the romantic embroideries.

The fact that I shrink instinctively from any novel which the publishers acclaim as "monumental" is because, *War and Peace* and many other brilliancies to the contrary, long novels are apt to be extremely tedious, and that ominous word, with nearly 600 closely printed pages to back it up, is apt to sound a little dismaying.

THE SISTERS (Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d.) was this week's reason for my diffident approach, and, as happens with so many pre-conceived ideas, I was quite mistaken. *The Sisters* is a long book only in form. Actually I could have enjoyed it if it had been another third longer.

"THE PORCH" is the title of Richard Church's novel which was published last week by J. M. Dent and has as its theme life in the Civil Service. It will be reviewed in "The Sphere" shortly

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

A prosperous copper-mining town in Montana at the beginning of the century is the scene of Mr. Myron Brinig's story, and the three equally leading ladies are the daughters of the local chemist. The book is logically divided into a first part, a picture of the united family and a clear definition of each girl's character, and six later parts, showing two stages in the career of each girl. Such geometric exactness might be dull except that this happens to be a case in which the simplest methods have the most effective results. As it is the epilogue seems to put an abrupt and premature close to a story that is only partly told.

The women themselves, Louise the beautiful and good, Helen the beautiful and frivolous, and Grace the admirable and unimaginative are studies of equal perception and sympathy. If one had a favourite among them it would be, oddly enough, Louise. Oddly enough, because the convention in fiction has been for so long to popularise the spoiled darling and madcap of the family.

I read this book by a country fireside and found the combination of warmth and peaceful narrative, for even a narrative which includes the San Francisco earthquake may be peaceful in effect, very hard to beat, and for such tranquil reading I recommend it to you.

That strange and secret people of the Pyrenees, whose origins are obscured in the mists of antiquity, whose language has defied the researches of the philologists, and whose communal life and customs have persistently survived the encroachments of French and Spanish influences through the centuries, these are the people of Princess Paul Troubetskoy's new novel BASQUE MOON (Robert Hale. 7s. 6d.).

EVELYN WAUGH ENGAGED: The noted author and his fiancée Miss Laura Herbert, younger daughter of the late Hon. Aubrey Herbert. Mr. Waugh has in the nine years since the publication of his first book, *Decline and Fall*, built up a formidable reputation for himself and it was a just reward for his labours when in 1936 he won the Hawthornden prize with his *Edmund Campion*—a life of the Jesuit martyr. He is a master of irony and possesses a terse, revealing, and readable style

Jeanne de Zé, sole inheritor of the lands of her forefathers could drive as hard a bargain as any man in the valley, for all that she was young, tall for a Basque, and singularly well-favoured. It was natural that she should marry Larralde, adding to her own wide acreage, making them wealthy in flocks and herds. It was also natural, since she was a healthy young woman, that the puny Larralde should prove an unsatisfactory husband and that her eyes turned to that handsome, smuggling troubadour, Ganis.

Then, one day, Larralde met with a violent death, supposedly an accident, and Jeanne was free to marry Ganis. This she did, but on her wedding day she paid the price, and the price was something that only her own people could exculpate, in terrible fashion, after her child was born.

There is colour, action, and atmosphere in this story of a strange child of a primitive people, with an authentic background of the picturesque Basque country, and in spite of the strong *motif* of tragedy, the author achieves a happy ending.

Where two or three flying men are gathered together and talk ranges on the history of their calling, there is one man whose name will inevitably occur for unanimous praise. Just as poets have their Chaucer, so the aviator of the present day has one man in particular to admire and to emulate. Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith is generally acknowledged to have been the most remarkable figure who has yet appeared in the world of aviation.

MY FLYING LIFE (Melrose. 16s.) is a biography which was partly dictated by him during his lifetime, and which has partly been assembled from his own papers and diaries since his tragic death.

Kingsford-Smith had two claims to universal popularity. He was a very fine long-distance airman, and he was a modest and friendly character. On both counts it was impossible not to admire this man whose prowess at record-breaking was only one of his achievements. After his amazing Australia-to-America flight the *New York Times* wrote of him, "Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith has so many 'firsts' to his credit that no poet could ever repeat the mistake that Keats made in allowing 'stout Cortez' to stare first on the Pacific. The name Kingsford-Smith will always be 'first' for the Pacific, whatever flying records are later made in crossing it."

This biography, which takes its colour and its good humour from the man who inspired it, is well worth reading as a simple unheroic account of heroic enterprises.

In the Venezuela of to-day they say, *Nunca vivia, nunca vivira, un hombre tan cruel come Gomez.* "The cruellest man who will ever live" was Juan Vicente Gomez, whose reign of terror lasted for twenty-seven years and ended only with his death, just over a year ago. In all that time Gomez would never allow anyone to refer to him as a dictator, but preferred the title of "Constitutional President."

In TYRANT OF THE ANDES (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) Mr. Thomas Rourke tells the story of this amazing man with a passionate partisanship that is quite infectious. He knows Venezuela, he knows the men who suffered under Gomez, the physical wrecks who endured his prisons, the exiles whose crime was their fatal love of liberty. He has met families who were ruined by Gomez, men and women who survived tortures from which three-quarters or more of their companions had died, and he tells of those imprisonments and those tortures in a matter-of-fact way more horrifying than exaggeration could ever have been.

The bare facts of Gomez' life are singular enough. He was the son of a woman of Indian blood and an educated, well-born man of Spanish blood. His real name was Garcia, but this together with the real date of his birth, he concealed. He became president of Venezuela in 1908, and maintained his position by sheer force of arms for twenty-seven years of unparalleled tyranny.

During that period Venezuela has no history; certainly no recorded history. The exchequer was always full, there were no wars with foreign Powers, for whom indeed Gomez felt a healthy respect, the abortive attempts of the leaderless people to revolt were savagely suppressed and, since Gomez controlled the Press absolutely, never reported, and the country seemed to be going through a period of peace and prosperity.

Yet when Gomez died in 1935, and men stood with their hats on to watch his funeral pass, unable to believe that it was really true, his power died with him, and completely. Within forty-eight hours his family and his few friends were in flight and the streets were "flooded with printed hate by day and the air with spoken hate at night." Venezuela, in fact, for the first time possibly in its history, was enjoying freedom for its Press and its people.

A song of Guinness

Sing a song of Guinness
A bottle full of good,
Since it is for goodness
Guinness always stood.

When the bottle's opened
We all begin to shout,
"There's nothing like a Guinness
When you feel—tired—out."

G.E.637.B.

NO VISION ON THE ROAD PROBLEM:

The Transport Ministry's Slow Progress in the Question of Road Development

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

ALTHOUGH it is perhaps a little early in the year to say that summer is near, it is certainly not so far away as to prevent us from trying to visualise the state of traffic on our roads from June onwards. It is generally conceded that our main roads and most of our by-passes are quite inadequate for present-day traffic. When the usual summer increase in the number of cars in commission takes place, the state of affairs is definitely going to be worse than ever before. The Ministry of Transport appears to be doing practically nothing. I use the word "appears" purposely because I cannot imagine that the large number of civil servants in the Ministry are all asleep. Plans must be maturing, but there is mighty little evidence, as far as construction work is concerned, that our road guardians are aware of the present position which, bad as it is, will, as I have said before, rapidly become worse

The various councils also appear to have no sense of vision. In fact the way they toy with road development whilst people are slain on highways all round them is pitiful. Motorists have rather been led to believe that with the Ministry of Transport taking over the main roads of the country all these and other troubles will disappear. But I am not at all certain that this will be the case; and certainly if we are to judge by the work of the Ministry, as we have seen it to date, the change-over may not be so advantageous as we would like it.

Whenever anything is done to improve the flow of road traffic the person or persons responsible give little evidence that they have any power whatever to see further than a month or two ahead. If this country were leading the world in the matter of roads this lack of vision might be excused, but when Germany and America, only to mention two other countries, have built and are building roads adequate to meet their present as well as their future needs, one is forced to the opinion that the wrong people are in charge of what is, after all, a national necessity. Just look at some—or even all—of the new road-bridges that have been constructed in the last five years. Their width was, in every case that I know of, inadequate to meet the traffic which was expected to use them when they were completed. There may be some, but I have not run across them that have provision for six lines of traffic, divided by means of a central grass verge so as to keep the opposing streams separate. Although not a bridge, the Mersey Tunnel is about the only example of modern construction in connection with highways where those in charge of its building have really demonstrated that they had formulated some idea as to the needs of the future.

Whilst talking about highways I wonder when we shall know what is happening to the Kingston by-pass. Most users of this highway are sick of being confused with the thousands of red lamps which now turn this traffic artery into a kind of exhibition on a fête night. It was understood that the whole of the Portsmouth Road from the beginning of the Kingston by-pass at Putney Vale to Guildford was to be converted into a double carriage-way road. As an Irishman might say, the only portion that has been altered to conform with this plan is a part which is not strictly on the road at all, namely, a stretch off the by-pass which is usually known as the Merton Spur. Even this is a job which no one of any great experience in road matters would have left in its present state. The carriage-ways are not wide enough and it is with some difficulty that a car can overtake a lorry, and also for some strange reason the carriage-ways are at places made to bend for no reason that can be seen on the surface. To crown all, on these double carriage-ways a 30-mile limit is imposed. Could anything be more ludicrous?

FIT FOR A DUCHESS: The Duchess of Marlborough about to take the wheel of her Humber Snipe coupé in the grounds of Blenheim Palace, near Woodstock, Oxfordshire, on the occasion of a recent hunt meet

What is going to be the result of the present activity on the Kingston by-pass no one seems to know and I defy anyone to make an intelligent guess after examining the work in progress. I think when even a small stretch of this reconstructed road is ready for use we shall see the absurdity of building a by-pass road down the centre of a ribbon of land which is eventually to have a highway double the width of that originally constructed. The plan adopted for the London–Southend road was much better, namely, building the first portion on one side of the ribbon so that when the time came the second half could be built on the other side without disturbing the one already in use and at the same time leaving the desirable grass-verge between the two. Such a method of procedure is obviously preferable and I would have thought that people of the meanest intelligence would have no difficulty in making up their minds as to which course to pursue from the first.

For some months now I have been waiting for my new 25-30-h.p. Rolls-Royce and some days ago it arrived. I must confess that although a motorist of practically thirty years' standing I can still derive a great thrill on taking delivery of a new car. Having a body built to one's own requirements naturally increases that thrill and when the coachbuilders are such a well-known firm as Hooper and Company (Coachbuilders) Limited, any anxiety which might otherwise tend to counter-balance that thrill, is definitely not present. I suppose I have thought that each of the three previous Rolls which I have possessed, was the very last word even in Rolls products and, no doubt, they were. I am, however, of the opinion that the new car which I am now driving completely "out-Rolls" even the others when they were delivered new, and when compared with cars produced at that time. The larger engine, of course, gives additional power as might be expected, but the surprising part to me is that the Derby works have succeeded in giving a suspension system which is about as perfect as one could wish.

I think one of the most difficult matters to decide when a body is being built specially for one is the colour scheme. Whether it is the retiring nature of the average inhabitant of the British Isles, or whether he is frightened to make himself too conspicuous, there is no getting away from the fact that the great majority of people in this country prefer black, or at any rate a very dark colour, for their cars. I dallied for a short time with the idea of having the new car painted a grey. Finally, however, I joined the crowd and decided on black.

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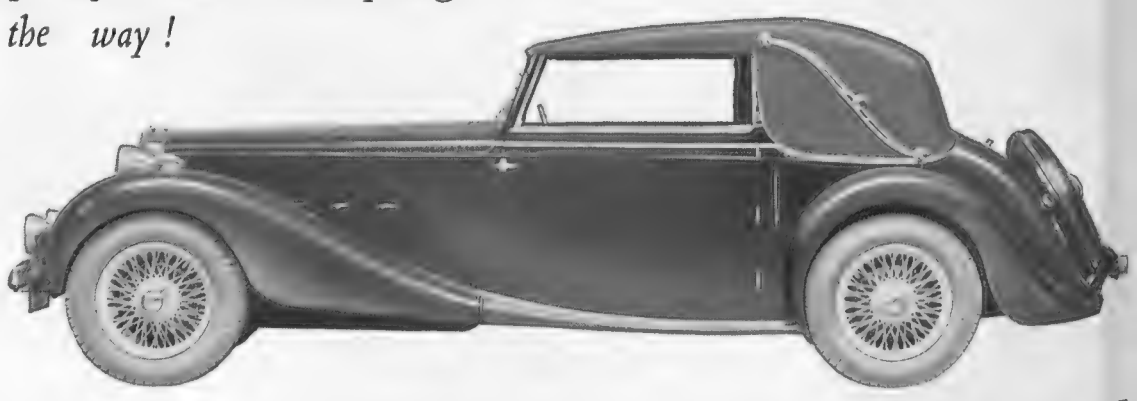

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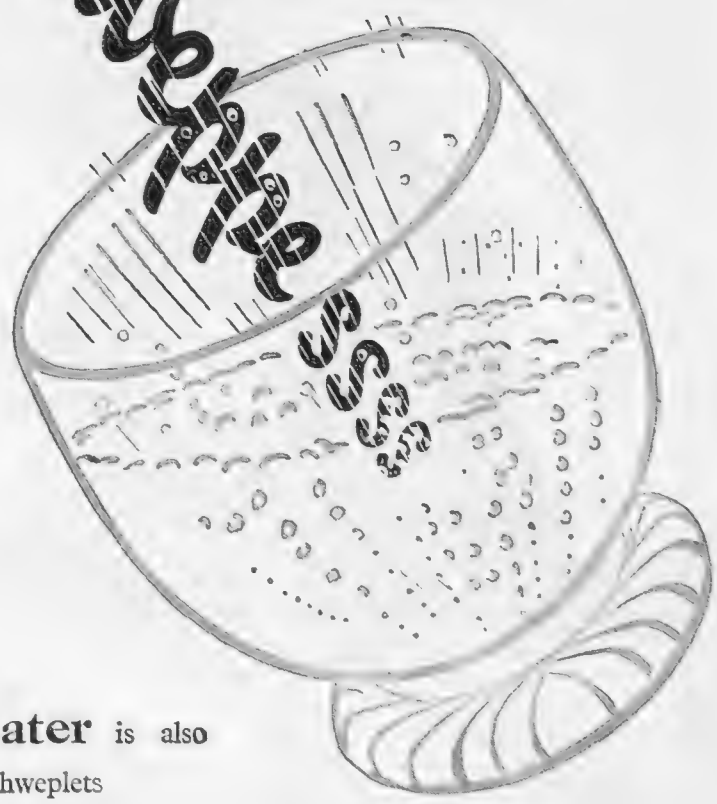

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Pictures Sent in by Readers Abroad

BY THE WATERS OF LAKE ALBERT: A District Commissioner's children playing on the sandy shore not far from the Murchison Falls, Uganda. Bathing at this particular point is safe, but the Nile itself is infested with crocodiles

On left—BOARDING THE S.S. "LIVINGSTONE," the passenger-carrying steamer which plies up and down the White Nile. A picture taken near the Murchison Falls where the river drops over 400 ft. in a series of highly spectacular cascades

OLD JERUSALEM: A lemonade seller of the Holy City with his liquid wares in a large jug strapped to his chest. He thus has one hand free for tilting the container and the other for holding the mug

TIBET'S FIRST DALAI LAMA is the subject of this elaborately conceived painting executed in the eighteenth century. His name was Labzong Gyanchho and during his rule of sixty-five years he built the famous hill-palace of the Potala at Lhassa (also included in the picture) which has continued as the home of the Dalai Lamas, the temporal rulers of Tibet. The spiritual ruler, the Tashi Lama, who was for many years an exile in China, was reported last year to be returning to his native land with a child who may be declared the new Dalai Lama

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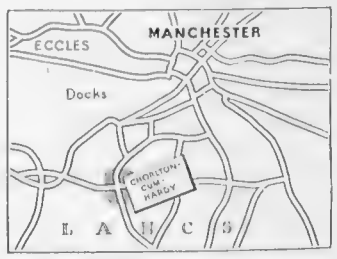

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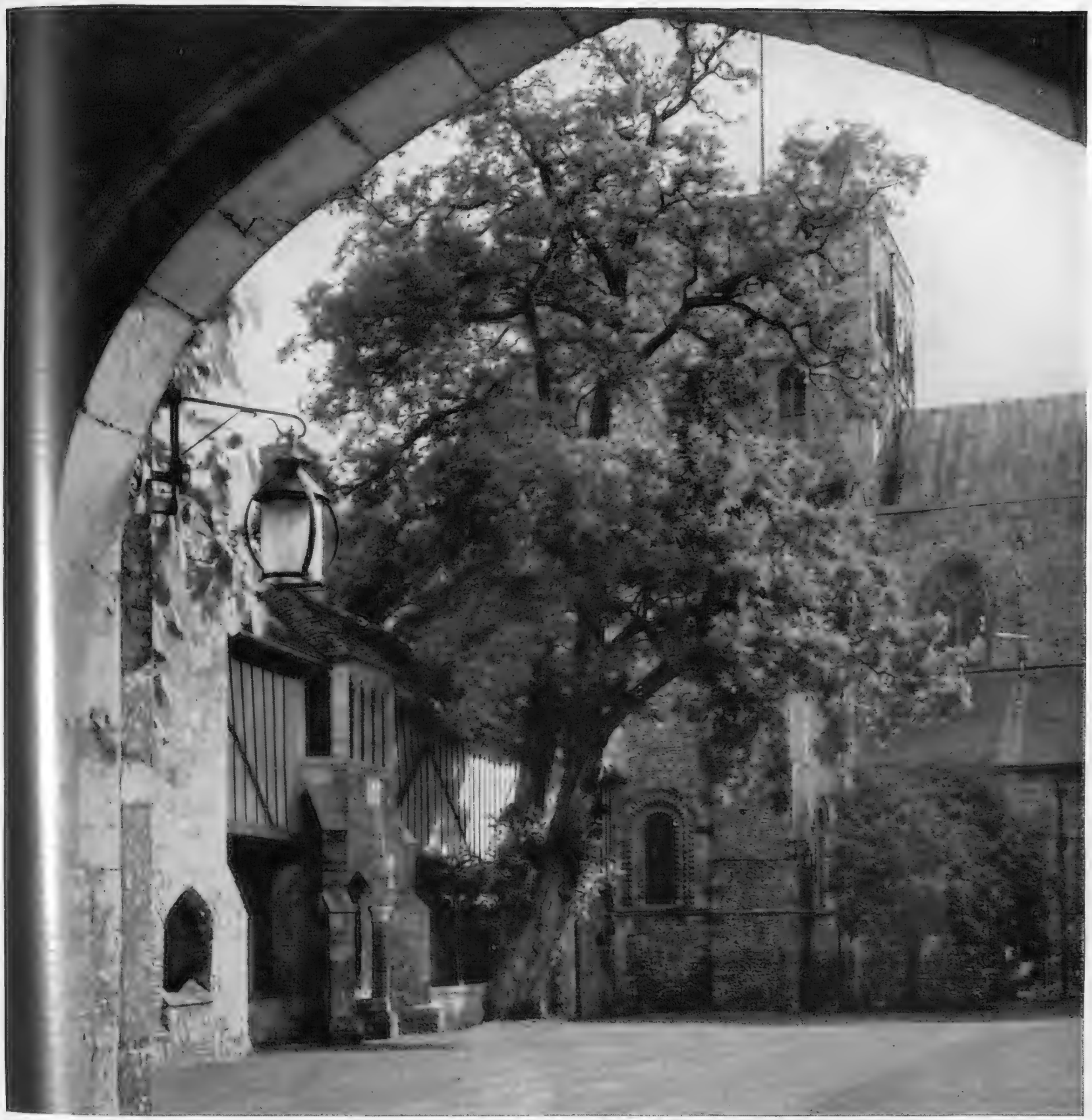

St. Cross, Winchester, where the weary traveller may still ask and receive a crust of bread and a sup of beer.

How easy it is in this England to step aside into some small pool of history, to be lapped awhile in the healing peace of a rich, still-living past. For this people — more perhaps than any other — carries tradition and old usage into its daily life . . . in places as in habits, in great things as in small. Thus do you have an ale such as Worthington remaining unchanged through the centuries—because it is brewed in a manner so long ago found worthy of continuance.

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THE L.C.C.: ITS POWERS AND SCOPE

(Continued from page 238)

Acquisition of Land Act, by which private owners can be compelled to sell their land if the authorities decide in their wisdom that it is required to carry out a housing scheme. If the owners refuse to sell the council or corporation can apply for, and generally obtain, an order for compulsory purchase. The Housing Act of 1930 gave local authorities power to order the compulsory demolition of private property, and there is ample evidence that one council after another throughout the country has applied it in an autocratic manner.

Judge Richardson, a County Court Judge, is reported as having said in court that "the cruelties that are done in the name of this Act are monstrous in some cases." The Overcrowding Bill, which became law in 1935, granted powers to local authorities compulsorily to acquire properties—houses as distinct from land—for "re-conditioning" at market valuation and to appoint "Management Commissioners" to ensure continuity of policy in the administration of publicly owned estates.

The L.C.C. employees total something like 72,000, of whom 5,300 are central administrative staff. Those whose daily business takes them across Westminster Bridge may associate that figure with the almost continuous growth of County Hall, which is soon to spread from the riverside into York Road. A study of the L.C.C. accounts shows that "administrative expenses not allocated to specific services" amounted to £818,161 in 1933–34, £859,228 in 1934–35, £883,457 in 1935–36 and £944,024 in 1936–37. In the same period the annual sum set aside for the reduction of debt has been reduced from £800,000 to £250,000 a year, while general expenditure has increased and rates have risen. It is true that the rateable value of the County of London is £60,517,000, but the ratepayers cannot be expected to bear an ever-increasing burden of debt and rising administrative charges. They have been warned already not to expect a reduction in rates for several years, whatever may be the political complexion of the government they elect in March. That the Socialists have been more lavish spenders than their predecessors is unquestionable, but if only thirty-four out of every hundred ratepayers in London take the trouble to vote in what is a very important election they have only themselves to thank if they find their rate payments going up and up. Criticism and even protest is justifiable, but only from those who exercise their duties as citizens.

SPAIN AFTER SEVEN MONTHS OF CIVIL STRIFE

(Continued from page 241)

General Franco's preparations have taken longer than he anticipated. Moreover, from west to east there is only one main road available, and the country on both sides is hilly and very intricate; thus his marching columns must necessarily make slow progress, and the flank guard to the southward would not be within easy communication of his main body. The weather too, is against him, so that we may assume that in this quarter important military movements will not materialise for another month or six weeks. The occupation of Ocaña will facilitate the whites' advance to Tarancon later. As we have always maintained, the most severe local blow the white commander can administer to the defenders of the capital is the capture of Lake Manzanare, some 20 miles north-west of Madrid, and 1,000 ft. above the city. If only the weather will settle, we may confidently anticipate that this operation will be undertaken by a small picked column of troops; with the lake in white hands the condition of the defenders in Madrid would be very unenviable.

A few days ago, a British officer, writing in a leading morning paper after a recent visit to Madrid, pointed out a fact which, at first glance, is startling—namely that there are Germans and Italians in considerable numbers on *both* sides. For not all Germans are ardent Nazis, nor are all Italians bigoted Fascists; thus there is being reproduced in Spain at this moment a repetition of affairs in Europe in the time of Marlborough

All the leading Powers addressed by the British Government with a view to stopping the flow of volunteers and military munitions impartially to both sides may bear fruit, for the principle has been universally accepted by all the Powers addressed. But the processes whereby any decisions come to by the Non-intervention Committee shall be implemented in any practical way is a matter of long negotiation. Time, on the other hand, is an essential factor in deciding the fratricidal struggle in Spain, and pending the promulgation and universal acceptance of any practicable scheme which the committee may put forward, it is certain that the flow of men, arms, and munitions of war to both sides will continue in ever-increasing ratio.

BOW STREET NOW — AND THEN

(Continued from page 244)

any, are next on the rota. Extradition cases, however, have decreased very much since the Aliens Act, which made it so much more difficult for undesirables to enter this country. Next one has assault cases, woundings, and wilful damage cases. Serious wounding cases do not occur more than once a week on an average. Assaults are rather more frequent. Then come the indictable cases such as thefts, forgeries, and defendants accused of being drunk in charge of a motor car. There are about half-a-dozen cases a day of this character. Usually there are remands for a week for further police inquiries. Sometimes, however, a handbag snatcher and other delinquents are sentenced summarily.

It is an odd fact that most of the people concerned in dishonesty cases ask to be dealt with by the magistrate. They know that the maximum term of imprisonment he can inflict is twelve months. Similarly, only about one out of every ten people charged with being drunk in charge of a motor car elects to go for trial.

One of the most important people always in court is the police court reporter. Take Mr. E. M. Longshaw, who has been at Bow Street since the beginning of the century. He has a retainer from ten of the leading London morning and evening newspapers. Sometimes his reports will amount to several thousand words a day. On one famous occasion he filled a complete page of *The Times* all by himself. It was an army bribery case. Every day he selects perhaps half-a-dozen cases which he reports, then goes downstairs to a special room set aside for him. Here he runs off perhaps a dozen duplicates, and a boy on a bicycle takes them round to the various newspaper offices.

Years ago occasional efforts were made to bribe him to keep a case out of the newspapers. Finally they became such a nuisance that he was compelled to ask the police to prevent these intrusions. In any event they were wasted effort. On one occasion a cruder attempt was made by a publican anxious to ensure that a bastardy case in which he was involved should not get into print. He went over to where Mr. Longshaw was writing, seized his copy, and ran into the street with it. A constable, however, overtook him and brought him back.

In *causes célèbres*, which have their start at a police court like Bow Street, the news agencies will sometimes employ as many as six men who take everything down in shorthand in shifts and then telephone it. A normal day, however, involves the hearing of 140 cases of one denomination or another. Certain magistrates, you will notice, are much slower than others. You also see with amusement how the old lag frames his questions when cross-examining the police in so professional a way that it is almost a farce for the magistrate to inquire from the clerk of the court (when he has decided to convict) whether he has a criminal record. The first offender seldom refers correctly to the magistrate. He will call him either "sir" or even "milord." He is usually confused and timid. The old lag is hardened.

In the past thirty-five years Mr. Longshaw has seen junior counsel blossom out into K.Cs. He has even seen them become magistrates. Day after day the seamy panorama is unfolded before his eyes. No wonder he himself becomes a trifle bored. But those of you who have never had the experience of spending an hour at Bow Street would find it exceedingly interesting. You would also discover that it never pays to answer a policeman back when he gives you a "ticket" or addresses you officially for any other reason.

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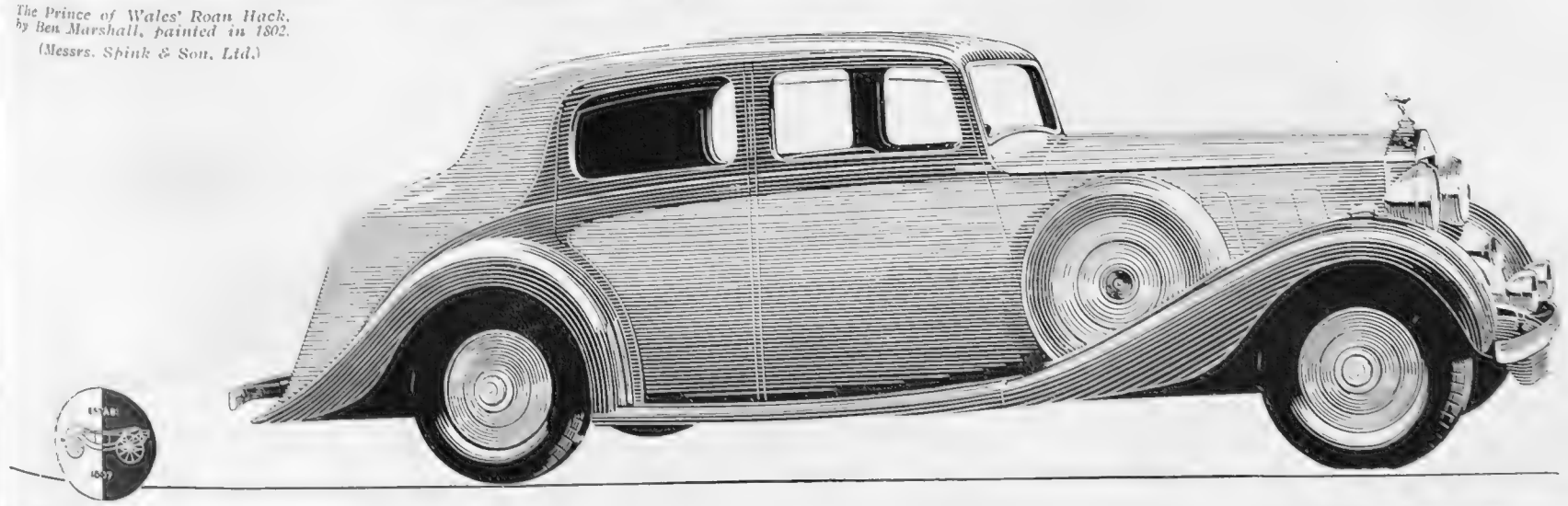

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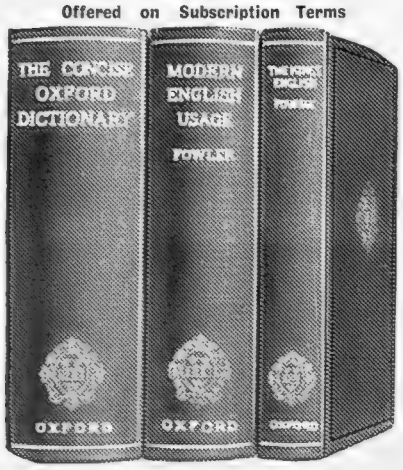

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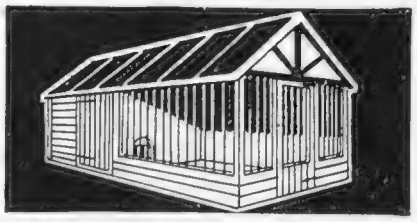

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RIVIERA PANORAMA: The little harbour at Cannes and its hosts of pleasure craft, ranging from dinghies to luxurious ocean-going steam yachts. This resort, in common with its famous neighbours, Monte Carlo and Nice, is thronged with visitors just now

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Austria's Capital at its Gayest — the Canaries Under Franco's Rule, and Other Travel News

CARNIVAL in Vienna.—Now is the time of the harlequinade in the gay capital, when the theatres, headed by the Burgtheater, have their most prominent first nights and the Vienna Opera presents its most superb repertoire with the finest casts. The great balls at the Opera House and the Town Hall perhaps mark the crowning-point of the season, when every nationality and class meet together on an equal footing of gaiety. *Gemütlichkeit*, that untranslatable compound of homeliness and goodfellowship, is the keynote of life in Vienna. In her restaurants, famous the world over for their cooking, the music of Johann Strauss entices the most hardened gourmet from his *Schnitzel* to the dance floor. And with such a gamut of pleasures among which to choose it is to be feared that many a visitor on some casual week-end from one of the winter sports resorts will be lured to a prolonged stay in the capital.

Peace in the Canaries.—Any doubts the intending visitor to the Canary Islands may have harboured will have been dispelled by a recent and reassuring letter to *The Times* from an English resident of long standing. It is scarcely surprising to hear that under the rule of General Franco everything goes on as usual with, curiously enough, only a possible increase in the efficiency of the public services to remind one that there is civil war in Spain. The Islands have always been the home of rest and quiet, and events in Madrid have been unable to disturb their serenity. A favourite resort is Santa Cruz de la Palma where one may stay in the greatest comfort at a choice of hotels, some of which have their private swimming pools. After the slush of the last few weeks in England, there is much to tempt in a climate where the temperature never falls below an average of sixty, in the brilliant contrasts of scenery provided by the volcanic nature of the country, which are enhanced by the rich tropical vegetation, and in a place where the Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have left many marks of their time in ancient houses and fine churches. Owing to a favourable rate of exchange living expenses are moderate, and in addition to the bi-weekly service from Liverpool, many of the cruising liners call at the port.

Speedier Travel to Sweden.—The approaching conversion by Swedish Lloyd of S.S. *Britannia* and S.S. *Suecia* to oil fuel means that Stockholm will be brought within forty-three hours of England. From May 22 next one will be able to leave Stockholm at 12.40 p.m. and arrive at Tilbury at 7.30 the next morning but one. The dry docking during which the conversion to oil will be made is due to take place during March and April, during which time the S.S. *Patricia* will do duty. The short round trips by these steamers will still go on this summer, and the fares (£8 10s 1st class on the *Britannia* and *Suecia* except between July 16 and August 31) include accommodation aboard during the stay in port. Passengers by the *Patricia* (£8 10s. 1st class, £7 10s. 2nd class, and £6 10s. 3rd class) will have the benefit of two nights in Gothenburg, against the one enjoyed by those who travel on her two sister ships.

Music and Ballet in Florence.—It would be difficult to enhance the beauties of the Italian spring; but the advance programme of the Grand Musical Festival which will be held at Florence from April 27 to June 8, suggests that this will be done this year. In addition to the well-known operas, an entirely new work, *Il Deserto Tentato*, will be given. In contrast there will be an open-air performance of *Incoronazione di Poppaea*, which was written in 1642, and Pirandello's *I Giganti della Montagna* will also be played, in the lovely setting of the Boboli Gardens. A copy of the programme can be obtained from the London Branch of the Italian State Tourist Department at 38, Piccadilly. Talking of travel in Italy, it is interesting to hear that considerable improvements have been made on the railway system. The reduction in the number of level crossings by no fewer than 818 makes impressive reading, and the approaching electrification of the main lines from Milan to Bologna and from Leghorn to Rome will finally oust the steam driven train from the Swiss frontiers to Naples. Such measures should do much to increase both the speed of travel and the comfort of travellers.

MEN OF TYROL: A picturesque gathering in a village inn

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Haute Savoie.—There are many excellent places at which to stay in Haute Savoie, and we think you will find France cheaper than Switzerland. We would recommend Thones, Le Grand Bernard, or Phalognan-la-Vanoise; all these places are suitable for children. We do not recommend you to take a chalet if you wish to avoid unnecessary expense. You will certainly be able to obtain special rates for your children at the hotels; if however you would like to take a chalet, the local Syndicat d'Initiative will send you full particulars of those available. Before deciding however, we would suggest that you stay at a pension or hotel for a few days. Descriptions are apt to be deceptive, and if you make your choice while still in England, you are almost certain to find something you infinitely prefer soon after you arrive.

Corsica is a delightful place all the year round, but possibly the best months are May and June, when the flowers, which are a revelation to those who have never visited the island, reach their full splendour. It is hot on the coast in summer, but never unpleasantly so; and the ease with which one can get into the mountains should be borne in mind. Your best route is via Marseilles, we enclose a pamphlet showing the boat service from there to Corsica. The 2nd-class fare from London to Marseilles is approximately £5 15s. without sleeper. We suggest that you stay at Ajaccio where you will be very comfortable at the Solferino, and thence after a few days go to Bonifacio or Calvi; but you can very well make Ajaccio your centre for touring the island. The Solferino at Ajaccio charges 45 francs inclusive, and there is running water in all the rooms. At Bonifacio we recommend the France which charges 50 francs per day.

For Fishing, Bathing, and Sailing we suggest Cassis, which is only 25 miles from Marseilles, and can be reached by motor coach; this is a small place and very pleasant. Alternatively there is Bandol, 53 kilometres from Marseilles, which can also be reached by motor coach. It is a much larger place than Cassis, but we do not think you would find it too crowded in April. It is notable for its excellent sailing. As regards your son's journey, it can quite easily be arranged for Cook's representatives to meet him at all the stopping-places, and it could probably be managed to put him in the charge of some responsible person travelling on the train. They do not, however, have very much traffic passing through Marseilles.

The Best Route to Cyprus is by train to Trieste and thence by the Lloyd Triestino boat which leaves every Wednesday at 13.00 and arrives at Larnaca on Sunday at 14.00. The 2nd-class fare without sleeper is £6. The 1st-class fare on the boat costs £22, tourist £9 5s. If you wish to avoid a long train journey, you may travel either by the Prince Line from London, the Moss Hutchinson Line from Liverpool or Glasgow, or the Khedivial Line from Marseilles. All these lines however go via Alexandria, and the passage from England takes approximately 24 days, calling at such places as Malta, Beirut, and Haifa on the way. Nicosia, the capital, is a convenient centre from which to explore the island; but if you want to be near the sea we would recommend Kyrenia which is 16 miles from Nicosia, and noted for its bathing. There is quite a large English colony in Cyprus, with social clubs and golf courses. April is the best month.

In the "key" position . . .

Fifty years ago Bexhill was a tiny village—to-day a flourishing residential resort. The Riposo was one of the first hotels in Bexhill—to-day it is still one of the first hotels in Bexhill. In the "key" position in an exclusive corner of the sea front, yet within easy reach of the De La Warr pavilion. 18-hole golf course adjoining. Running water, central heating and telephone in every bedroom.

HOTEL RIPOSO

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

Special Residential Terms. Further information with pleasure from the Management. Telephone: 472.

Canford Cliffs Hotel **BOURNEMOUTH**

What a lovely hotel! *Brochure on request*

Polished Oak . . .

and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other . . . a charming, modernised, eighteenth-century coaching house. Glorious Devon at your doorstep. A first-class cuisine and cellar.

Royal Clarence Hotel

A.A. EXETER R.A.C.

—the hub of glorious Devon—

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure.

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A lovely home for winter

A beautiful country house, warm, cheerful, friendly—standing in its own gardens and 30 acres of grounds. Renowned for warmth, comfort, and excellent cuisine. Coal fires and radiators in public rooms. Ten minutes by 'bus to Guildford—40 minutes from there by train to London. A charming countryside full of social and sporting amenities. Bridge Hostess—free instruction to Residents. Own covered Squash Court, Hard Tennis Court and Billiard Room. Bramley Golf Club (18 holes) adjoins Hotel grounds. Very moderate inclusive terms. Illustrated literature with pleasure.

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NEAR GUILDFORD, SURREY

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Telegrams: "Brassie," Bramley, Surrey

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CAIRN HYDRO HARROGATE

First Class Hotel with Accommodation for 300 Visitors, and a Full Suite of Medical Baths. Dancing every evening.

Tennis.

Golf Course 5 mins. away.

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R.A.C. *Leading and Best* A.A.

Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from **15/-** daily.

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TERMS REDUCED 20% to 25%

No alteration in standard.

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM, KENT

Half an hour from City and West End.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.

FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).

Illustrated brochure on request.

In Quest of

The Coronation Provides for a Really Worth-

I HAD intended writing on the subject of Easter holidays this week, but judging from my correspondence, accommodation for the Coronation is still uppermost in many people's minds.

In self-defence I must ask that my SPHERE readers refrain from writing to me about accommodation in London itself. Every hotel to my knowledge is either already booked up or holding accommodation for their regular clientele. In any case I do not suppose there are any London hotels which will book accommodation for less than a week, and in some cases as much as a fortnight or a month, and certainly those who are prepared to book accommodation for a long period are the most likely to find the hotel which is willing to take them.

There is a tendency, as there always must be at such a time, for a certain section of the public who are quick to criticise everybody but themselves, to say that the London hotels are just out to "profiteer" over the Coronation.

Nothing is more false. There is a common agreement amongst London hoteliers, most of whom are members of either the Hotel and Restaurant Association, or the Residential Hotels Association, that the charges for the Coronation period shall be only 20 per cent. in excess of their normal charge and this will be found in practice to be the general arrangement.

Actually a period like the Coronation is by no means all "honey" for the hotel industry. Everyone who has ever stayed at any particular hotel with any degree of regularity expects his hotel to be reserving his "usual accommodation," quite forgetful of the fact that he is but one of many who also would appreciate that that particular accommodation be reserved too.

In short the perplexed hotelier is faced with pleasing his visitors who range over fifty-two weeks by putting them *all* up in "their usual accommodation" during Coronation week. What an opportunity for a Bateman picture!

But where I can help, and shall be most pleased to assist readers of THE SPHERE is to advise them on suitable accommodation *outside* and yet within easy train journey of London, which brings me to the idea put up to me last week by Colonel H. E. Weekes, one of the directors of the Ferring Grange Hotel, near Worthing, of a Coronation-cum-Whitsun Holiday.

I must confess that it had not occurred to me previously that Whitsun immediately follows the Coronation, which means that whether one likes it or not, there will be little or no work done from Tuesday May 11 until the Tuesday following Whitsun.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

Overlooking Rotten Row

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS

Finest Position on the Sea-front

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of 3 acres. First-class Cooking, Wines, and Service. Bedrooms with running water, electric fires or hot water radiators. Garage for 30 cars. Tel. 40

Moderate Inclusive Terms

Coming home is the best part of the day's work when you live at Southdown Hall—luxuriously furnished and decorated from top to bottom and welcoming in every way. Covered verandah. At the week-end—seven golf courses nearby, sporting centres all round, and a theatre in town is a matter of some 20 minutes from

SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL

The Downs, Wimbledon. *400 ft. up. Facing South.*

Mrs. Filgate, Resident Proprietress, will be happy to send you a brochure and full particulars. Tel.: WIM. 0511. **LICENSED**

THE SPHERE REGISTER

Abingdon.—The Crown & Thistle (Oxford 6 miles)
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Borrowdale Htl.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6205.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel.
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel. Tel. 221.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.

Good Hotels

y ASHLEY COURTENAY

Golden Opportunity

while Whitsun Holiday

Obviously then, Coronation year provides a golden opportunity for a really worth-while Whitsun holiday instead of the usual scamper that is apt to be so exhausting.

The scheme conceived by Colonel H. E. Weekes and his co-directors at the Ferring Grange Hotel, and one which will, I expect, be widely copied by other hotels within easy reach of London, is to quote an all-inclusive price from Tuesday, May 11 to Tuesday, May 18, which will cover not only the special Whitsun attractions in the shape of dances, tennis, and squash racquets tournaments and so on, but also a free taxi service to and from Goring-by-Sea, the nearest station to Ferring Grange Hotel, and a free weekly return ticket to London, so that visitors can not only go up on Coronation day, but can go up on other days at their leisure to view the decorations, and go to special shows.

Ferring is admirably situated for this purpose, as there is a fast and very comfortable electric train service of only eighty minutes, and if one has any remembrance of London crowds on special occasions it will take the best part of that time getting from say Piccadilly to . . . well anywhere.

Ferring Grange is a delightful hotel. It combines the joys of both the country and the sea, and I can very confidently recommend SPHERE readers to get in touch with the resident director there and make further inquiries before all the available accommodation is snapped up.

It will be of interest to those contemplating the Ferring Grange Hotel for this Coronation-cum-Whitsuntide holiday to know that Colonel H. E. Weekes, who is a retired Indian Army officer, will be on duty at Westminster Abbey during the Coronation proceedings. Doubtless he will be able to give visitors staying at the Ferring Grange Hotel a very interesting eye-witness impression of the ceremony.

Ferring Grange Hotel has always had a very strong overseas following, for apart from the fact that Colonel Weekes saw much service in India, his co-director, Mr. E. Coleridge Gair was for many years in the East, consequently there are always a number of people coming home on leave, especially from Malay, who regularly make the Ferring Grange Hotel their headquarters.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE

Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, from 4½ guineas weekly.

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone ; Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

Golfers at the Prince . . .

The crack professionals, the leading amateurs—in fact, most golfers of repute have stayed at the Prince at one time or another. *And you Sir*, may be you err from the straight and narrow on occasions—well, there are seven first-class golf courses to err on . . . but, of course, only one hotel to stay at—

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

the congregating point of Who's Who in the North. Good food, comfort and courtesy of course. Dancing every Saturday night.

Write to H. Gascoigne, Managing Director, for further details. Telephones: 4131.

From 13/6 a day . . .

is not a lot to pay for living in a first-class hotel on the sunny South Coast. Here is absolute quiet, absolute comfort and cooking which IS "cuisine." There is no "off-season" in Bournemouth, but we DO reduce our terms in the winter months. Four golf courses in the vicinity and lots of entertainment if you want it . . . or just peace, comfort, and a sea-view. You can suit your mood at the Chine—also your pocket! Please write to James Millar for full details and specimen menus.

CHINE HOTEL, BOSCOMBE, BOURNEMOUTH

OF BRITISH HOTELS

Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Crofton Hotel, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. West 7200
De Vere Hotel, W 8 West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.
Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—Old Government Hse. Htl. Tel. 424.
Guernsey.—Gardener's Royal Htl. Tel. G'sey 300
Guernsey.—Richmond Hotel. Tel. 931.

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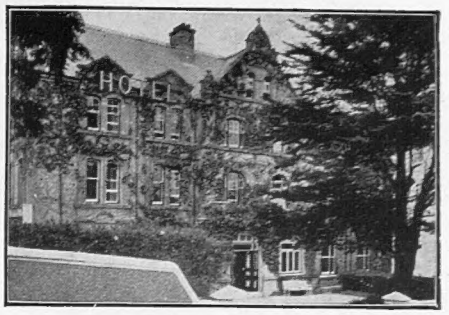
● A mild climate and sheltered situation, overlooking the wide estuary of the Camel make the Metropole at Padstow a favourite resort in the early months of the year. The Hotel is modern and comfortable, with hot and cold water in all bedrooms and central heating. The service is unobtrusive and efficient, the cooking very good. Golf on the St. Enodoc and Trevose Golf Courses. Public garage adjoining.



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Fully Licensed

Lift
Self-contained Suites
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Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms.

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SIDMOUTH — *Best for the Winter*

TORBAY VIEW HOTEL

Finest Position. Very highly recommended for Comfort and Cuisine. H. and C. water all Bedrooms. Moderate Inclusive Terms.

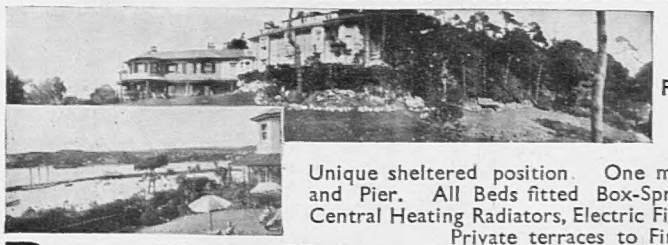
A.A. Unlicensed. *'Phone or Wire—Sidmouth 90.*

'Phone 221 **THE ROYAL GLEN SIDMOUTH** Private Hotel

The Hotel with a Country House atmosphere, situated :: in picturesque grounds adjoining the esplanade. ::

Terms Moderate and Inclusive. Resident Proprietors : Mr. and Mrs. W. MARTIN.

THE HOTEL WITH THE "GRAND-STAND" POSITION . . . overlooking Torbay



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Unique sheltered position. One minute Spa Baths and Pier. All Beds fitted Box-Springs. H. & C., Central Heating Radiators, Electric Fires all Bedrooms. Private terraces to First Floor Rooms. Covered Veranda and Vita-Glass Sun Lounge. Tennis (h.c.). Special diets if required. Send for Illustrated Brochure which gives full particulars of moderate, inclusive terms.

PARK HALL HOTEL TORQUAY *'Phone 3434.*

Mrs. P. BAGLEY, Resident Managing Director.

THE GARDEN HOTEL **Lincombe Hall** OF TORQUAY

Come South . . .

to an excellently run hotel for the quickest and pleasantest way of building up your strength. Comfortable, warm rooms, bedrooms with every amenity and an atmosphere of quiet restfulness . . . such is the "cure" at

LINCOMBE HALL HOTEL TORQUAY

Special Inclusive Terms are available. Mr. S. P. Paul will be pleased to send you a Brochure and full particulars. 'Phone 2302.

GALLONS OF HOT WATER waiting to gush merrily from the nearest tap—just right Central Heating—Cosy Lounges—Beds that welcome and soothe—and the quick delighted service that pleases you at

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TORQUAY 4373

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Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking Gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service.

Fully Licensed. *Wedding Receptions.*

"HOME AND BEAUTY"

The Story of Cochran's Coronation Revue

(Continued from page 255)

PART II

Scene 1: Seeing the Estate. *(Sunday morning).*—Troop of guests wander round property. Arrange themselves in stylised groups to left and right. "That's where the horses used to be all longing for lunch."

Scene 2: Julika Kadar's Boudoir. "No More." *(afternoon).*—A very large sofa, red. Leslie French makes love in lounge suit.

Scene 3: The Nursery *(same afternoon).*—Precocious children receive presents. Heaps of cut-out figures; "Let's put the bishops in a row and shoot them down." Applause. "Let's play at divorce"—Mothers look on and discuss sex. "What are you doing, dear?" I'm the King's Proctor looking under the bed—"Nigel won't let me have relations with Felicity."

Scene 4: The Gymnasium.—"Everybody must be fit." Loud speaker announces Government intention that everybody must be fit. Elegant postures by youthful gymnasts. Binnie Hale does marvellous things.

Scene 5: The Corridor. "Storm in my heart" *(late afternoon).*—Hugo and Rosemary. "You eat your way from keyhole to keyhole."

Scene 6: At the Music-room Window *(evening).*—Gitta Alpar, dressed as a little prince in the Tower (black velvet and chain) appears on settee. Two white pianos with clever pianists. Silvery-grey background revealed. Nineteenth-century lovers appear and posture in René Dubois dresses. Gitta sings and retires to side.

Scene 7: Mr. Marrable's Dressing-room *(evening).*—Curious scene this—stout man on table under sunburn lamp. Binnie Hale as Miss Foam proceeds to treat feet with some cleansing powder. Massages body—clouds of powder all about.

Scene 9: The Library, Two Hearts *(about 6 p.m.)*—Musical bridge, played by two sets of people, to left and right.

Scene 10: The Drawing-room *(evening).*—Binnie Hale and Nelson Keys do impersonations of Dorothy Dickson, Jack Hulbert, and others—quite up to form, and a good time is had by all. Rawicz and Landauer play on their white pianos and gain biggest applause as the finale is prepared.

Finale: The Hall *(Monday morning).*—Oh, here we are again in the big hall with white staircase as before, the two singers leave arm in arm and God Save the King.

A Coronation-time Function

Guildhall Dinner to Aid Boys' Clubs Funds

One of the big social events of the week prior to the Coronation will be a Dinner at Guildhall on May 4, at which the Duke of Gloucester will be present and the Lord Mayor will preside. It is hoped that this Dinner will be the means of giving the National Association of Boys' Clubs movement the financial backing which its purpose deserves, and a distinguished committee will be responsible for the arrangements, with Lord Wigram as Chairman, and Lord Aberdare, Britain's new "Physical Fitness Chief," as the Hon. Treasurer of the Dinner Committee.

The National Association is the headquarters for the 1,300 Boys' Clubs which exist in industrial areas, country districts, towns and villages throughout the country, and which have as their members working boys of fourteen to eighteen years of age. The programme of activities in a Club provides for hobbies, access to library, debates, amateur dramatics, physical training, and sport of all kinds. It is hoped the Guildhall Dinner Appeal will succeed in placing the National Association on a sound financial basis for the continuance of its work. Support has already been promised by many influential people, but further generosity is still needed if the object is to be achieved.

A NOTED JOURNALIST PASSES: Sir Percival Phillips, pictured here when on the Balkan Campaign of 1912, died a short while ago at the age of fifty-nine. He had a brilliant record as a war correspondent and his search for news took him to almost every part of the world. In 1935-36 he was in Abyssinia and even more recently was engaged in reporting the civil war in Spain

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

On Wednesday January 27 a pleasing little ceremony took place on board the *Arethusa*, when an Old Boy was presented with a sword on attaining Sub-Lieutenancy. Admiral Sir Frank Larken, K.C.B. in presenting the sword, spoke of how, seven years ago, Sub-Lieutenant Beckley was a boy on board the *Arethusa*, and he urged those boys now in training to follow Mr. Beckley's example. To Mr. Beckley he said: "I hand you this sword and hope you will have long to wear it, and that one day you may be exchanging it for an Admiral's sword." Mr. Beckley in replying said. "I want to express my thanks to you all, and say that I owe it all to the preliminary training and life in the *Arethusa*." Please send a gift to help this fine work. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Whitaker's.—There is probably no single volume so full of useful and interesting information on such a diversity of subjects as *Whitaker's Almanack*, which was founded in 1868 by the late Joseph Whitaker, and to-day is regarded as the most authoritative work of its kind. An excellent index containing 25,000 references allows of any subject being sought and found in a few seconds. The 700-page edition in orange cover is published at 3s., and the cloth edition at 6s.

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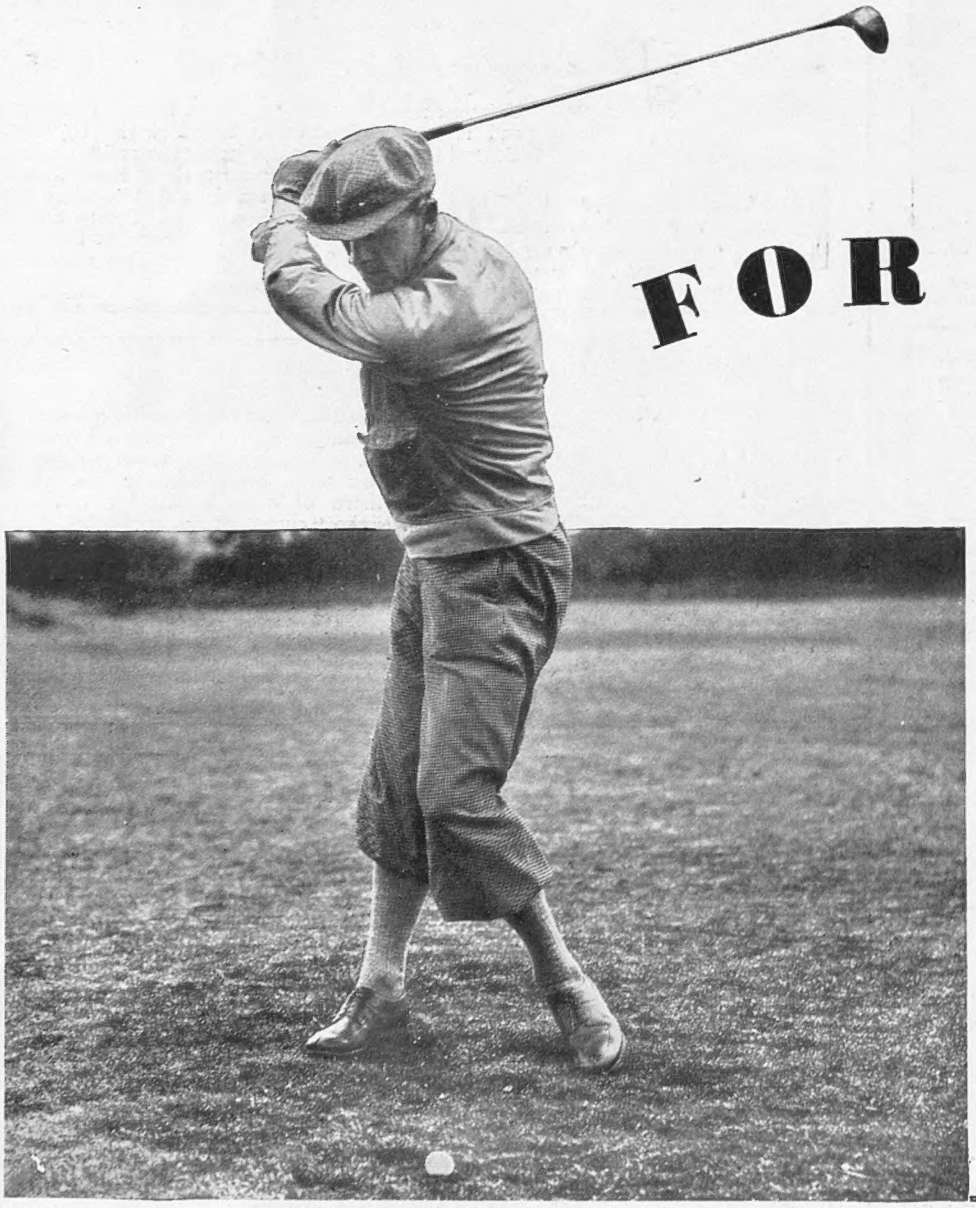

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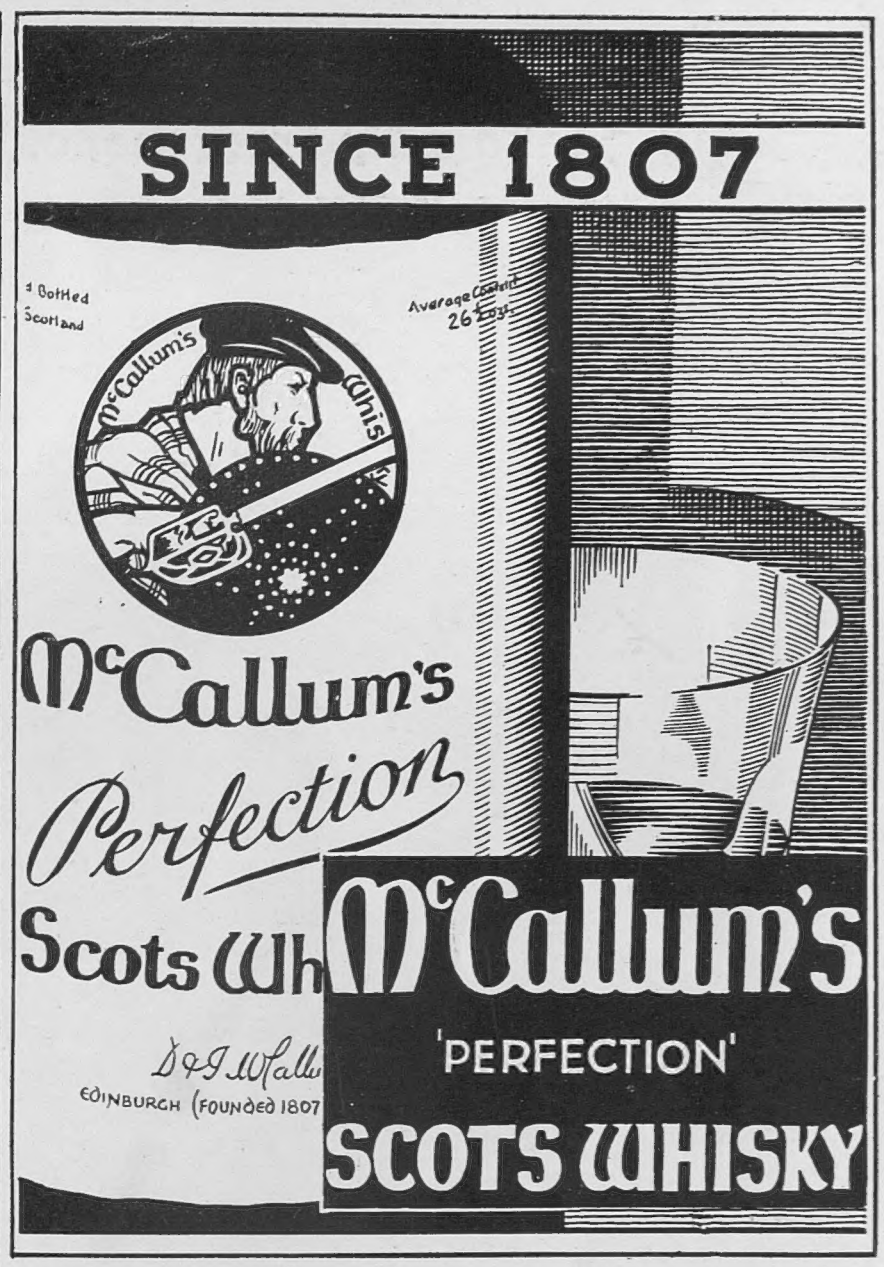
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